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HOPE.

BY CAMILLA CROSLAND.

Oh, chide not Hope, though she deceives
The trusting heart so often;
The music of her whisper leaves
A spell our woes to soften.

She is not false! Her mission rare
Is this, to cheer by smiling;
For nought like Hope can lighten Care,
Whatever her beguiling.

Rebuke her not, lest with a sigh
She leave you in your sorrow,
And dread Despair, still hov'ring nigh,
Usurp her sway to-morrow.

FOR LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NULL AND VOID," "MADAM'S WARD," "THE HOUSE IN THE CLOSE," "WHITE BERRIES AND RED," "ONLY ONE LOVE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

"DO YOU MEAN," said Jenny Westwood slowly, "that father will never come out of prison any more?"

"Perhaps—after many years—he may come out."

"Many years? Three—or five?"

"More—more, I am afraid, my little girl—perhaps in twenty years—if he is still alive."

He scarcely knew what impulse prompted him then to tell her the truth. He repented it the next moment, for, after a horrified stare into his face, the child suddenly flung herself down upon the gravelled path and burst into tears, accompanied by passionate shrieking sobs and wild convulsive movements of her limbs.

"He shall come out—he shall come out!" Hubert heard her cry between her gasps for breath. "He can't do without me. Take me to him, or I shall die!"

In utter dismay Hubert tried persuasion, argument, rebuke, for some time in vain.

At last he turned away from her and began walking up and down a short stretch of the drive, bitterly regretting the impulse that had caused him to take the care of this strange child, even for a few moments, on his hands. But he had promised to get rid of her, and he must do so, if only for Enid's sake.

It would never do to let this little wild creature go on roaming about the village, asking questions about her father. And there were better motives at work within the young man's breast. It seemed to him that he had brought a duty on himself—that he was at least responsible for Andrew Westwood's forlorn and neglected child.

He had paced the drive for many minutes before the sobs began to grow fainter. Finally they ceased, and the child drew herself into a crouching position, with her head resting against the steep mossy bank just within the gate. Seeing her so quiet, Hubert thought that he might venture to speak to her again.

"You must not cry so bitterly," he said, almost as he might have spoken to a grown-up person, not a child. "Grieving can do your poor father no good. Wait and grow up quickly. He may come out of prison some day, and want his little daughter. If I take you to a place where you can be taught to be a good girl, like other girls, will you stay there?"

The child raised her head and fixed her dark eyes upon him.

"Not to the workhouse!" she said apprehensively.

"I promise you—not to a workhouse, if you will be a good child."

She scrambled to her feet at once, and, rather to Hubert's surprise, put one hot and dirty little hand into his own.

"I will be good," she said briefly; "and I will go wherever you like."

Nothing seemed easier to her just then.

"But, dear me, Mr. Lepel," said Mrs. Rumbold, "there's no place for a child like that but the workhouse."

Hubert stood before the Rector's wife in a pretty little room opening out upon the Rectory garden. Jenny had been left in the hall, seated on one of the high-backed wooden chairs, while her protector told his tale.

Mrs. Rumbold—a short, stout, elderly woman with a good-natured smile irradiating her broad face and kind blue eyes—sat erect in the basket-chair wherein her portly frame usually reclined, and positively gasped as she heard his story.

"To think of that child's behavior! I assure you, Mr. Lepel, that we tried to do our duty. We know how painful it would be for the dear General and Miss Vane if any member of that wretched man's family were left in the village, and we thought it simplified matters so much that there was only one child—didn't we, Alfred?"

Alfred was the Rector, a tall thin man very slow in expressing his ideas, and therefore generally resigning the task of doing so to his wife's more nimble tongue. On this occasion, unready as usual with a response, he crossed his legs one over the other, cleared his throat, and had just prepared to utter the words, "We did indeed, my dear," when Mrs. Rumbold was off again.

"Some neighbors took care of her before the trial," she said confidently. "Indeed we paid them a small sum for doing so, Mr. Lepel—we didn't send the child to the workhouse before we knew how matters would turn out. But, when the poor wretched man was condemned, I said to Alfred, 'We really can't let the Smiths be burdened any longer with Andrew Westwood's child—she must go to the Union!' And Alfred actually went to Westwood, and asked him if he had any relatives to whom the child could be sent—didn't you, Alfred?—and, when he said that that there were none, and that the girl might as well be brought up in the workhouse as anywhere else, for she would always be an outcast like himself—I quote his very words, Mr. Lepel—his graceless, reckless, wicked words!—why, then, I just put on my hat and cloak, and I went to the Smiths at once, and I said, 'Mrs. Smith, I've come to take little Westwood to the workhouse;' and take her I did that very afternoon."

"Do you know when she ran away?" Hubert asked.

Mrs. Rumbold shook her head.

"I haven't heard. Not more than a day or two ago, I should fancy, for nobody seems to have been looking for her in this direction. I wonder she came back to Beechfield, the hardened little thing!"

"Oh, come, I don't think she is that, Mrs. Rumbold!" said Hubert, affecting a lightness which assuredly he did not feel. "I fancy that she wandered back to Beechfield out of love for her father and her old home, poor child. She is not to be blamed for her father's sins, surely!" he added, seeing rather an odd expression on Mrs. Rumbold's face as the involuntary words of pity passed his lips.

"Oh, no, no—of course not!" Mrs. Rumbold hastened to reply. "It is very kind of you Mr. Lepel, and very kind of Miss Vane too, to interest yourselves in the fate of Andrew Westwood's daughter—very Christian, I am sure!"

"I don't know that," said Hubert, somewhat awkwardly. "I fancy that my cousin simply wishes to get the child away from the place before the General is well enough to go out again—I suppose he knows her by sight. It would be painful to him—and little Enid might come to hear."

"Of course, of course! I quite understand Mr. Lepel. And the Churton workhouse is so near Beechfield too!"

"She shall not go back to the workhouse," said Hubert, with firmness. "I am resolved on that!"

"An orphanage, I suppose? Well, we might get her into an orphanage if we paid a small sum for her; but who would pay? There's the Anglican Sisterhood at East Winstead—not that I quite approve of Sisterhoods myself," said Mrs. Rumbold grimly—"but I know that in this case the Sisters are doing a good work, and for a small annual payment——"

"I don't much like the idea of a Sisterhood. Do you know of a smaller place—an ordinary school perhaps—where she could be taken in and clothed and taught and civilized?"

"No, Mr. Lepel, I don't. You could not send a child like that to a lady's house without the whole story be told; and who would take her then? In a charitable institution, now, she could be admitted, and no questions asked."

"I did not think—I did not exactly want to find a charitable institution," said Hubert, suddenly seeing that his position would appear very strange in the Rumbolds' eyes, and yet resolved to stick to his point. No, whatever happened, "little Westwood," as Mrs. Rumbold called her, should not be brought up as a "charity-girl." He had an instinctive understanding of the suffering that the child would endure if she were not put in kindly hands; and he did not think the atmosphere of a large semi public institution would be favorable to her future welfare.

Mrs. Rumbold looked at him in open-eyed perplexity.

"But, Mr. Lepel, what do you want then?"

"I want the child to be happy," Hubert cried, with some vexation—"I want her to be where she will never be taunted with her father's position, where she will be kindly treated, and brought up to earn her own living in a suitable way."

"Then," said the Rector, starting both his hearers by the ponderous solemnity of his tones, "send her to Winstead."

"You think so, sir?"

"The Sisters are good women," said Mr. Rumbold. "They love the children and train them well. I have twice sent orphans from this village to their care, and in each case I believe that there could not have been a happier result."

"You'll be charmed if you go over to the house at Winstead, Mr. Lepel," said Mrs. Rumbold coaxingly. "Do go over and see yourself what it is like. Such a lovely house, half covered with purple clematis, Virginia creeper, and a dear little chapel, and beautiful grounds! And the expense is quite trifling—twelve or sixteen pounds a year, I believe, for each of the dear little orphans!"

"If you speak so highly of it, I am sure I may take it on trust," answered Hubert, with a smile. He was was growing weary of the discussion. "Take the child and do the best for her, will you, Mrs. Rumbold? My cousin and I will supply all funds that may be needed."

"I am sure that's very good of you, Mr. Lepel. The child couldn't be happier anywhere than she will be at Winstead. Alfred will write at once about it—will you not, Alfred?"

Alfred bowed assent.

"I suppose it will take a few days to settle," said Hubert, looking from one to the other. "In the meantime——"

"Oh, in the meantime she can stay here!" said Mrs. Rumbold expansively. "She will be no trouble, poor thing! I can put up a little bed for her in one of the attics."

"She's not very clean, I'm afraid, Mrs. Rumbold. She looks exceedingly black."

"I expect that the black's all on the surface," said the Rector's wife. "You needn't laugh, Alfred; Mr. Lepel knows what I mean, I'm sure. The child's been in the workhouse for more than a fortnight, and has left it only for the last day or two; she is just dusty and grimy with the heat and exercise, and will be glad of a bath poor thing. I'll make her look beautiful before she goes to Winstead, you'll see."

"Then I may leave her in your charge? It is exceedingly good of you," said Hubert rising to take his leave. "I don't know what I should have done with her but for you."

"My dear Mr. Lepel, I'm sure the goodness is all on your side!" cried Mrs. Rumbold. "I should not have thought of a gentleman like you, one of your family, troubling himself about a ragged miserable child like this little Westwood girl. I'm sure she ought to be eternally grateful to you all!"

"Oh, by-the-bye," said Hubert, turning round as he was nearing the door, "you have reminded me of something that I may as well mention now, Mrs. Rumbold! oblige me by not telling any one that I—we have anything to do with providing for the child. Do not speak of it to the girl herself or to any one in the village. And pray do not allude to it in conversation with my cousins at the Hall!"

"If you wish it, of course I will not mention it to any one," said Mrs. Rumbold, bridling at what she conceived to be an imputation on her discretion. "You may trust me, I am sure, Mr. Lepel. We will not breath a word."

"And particularly not a word to the child herself," Hubert said, turning his eyes upon the Rector's wife with such earnestness in their troubled depths that she was quite impressed. "I do not wish her to be burdened with the feeling that she owes anything to us."

"Oh, Mr. Lepel, how generous, how delicate-minded!" cried the effusive little woman, throwing up her hands in admiration. "Now I wouldn't have believed that there was a young man that could be so thoughtful of others' feelings—I wouldn't indeed, Mr. Hubert! Must you go? Won't you stay and have dinner with us to-night?"

"Thank you—no; I am engaged—a dinner in town," said Hubert hastily. "I will leave my address"—he produced a card from his pocket-book, and with it a ten-pound note—"and this will perhaps be useful in getting clothes and things of that kind for her. If you want more, you will let me know."

He escaped with difficulty from Mrs. Rumbold's rapturous expressions of surprise at his liberality, and at last got out into the hall.

Andrew Westwood's little girl was still sitting on the chair where she had been placed, her hands crossed before her on her lap, her bare feet swinging idly to and fro, her dark eyes fixed vaguely on the trees and shrubs of the Rectory garden, which she could see from the hall window. Hubert paused beside her and spoke.

"I am going to leave you with this lady—Mrs. Rumbold," he said. "You know her already, and know that she will be kind to you. You are to go to a good school, where I hope you will be happy."

The child's eyes dilated as she listened to him.

"Are you going away?" she said.

"Yes; I am going back to London," the young man answered kindly. "You will

stay here, like a good little girl, will you not?"

"Do you want me to?" she said, pushing her hair back from her forehead and gazing at him anxiously.

"Yes, I do."

She nodded. "I'll stay," she said curtly.

And then she lapsed once more into her former state of silence and sullenness; and Hubert left her with a smile of farewell and a secret aspiration that he might not see her again; for it seemed to him that he could never look upon the face of Andrew Westwood's little daughter without a pang.

He decided to catch the seven-o'clock train to London.

"You'll be late for your engagement, I am afraid," Mrs. Rumbold said to him, thinking of his excuse for running away.

He only smiled and nodded as he walked off, by way of reply. His dinner in town, he knew well enough, would be eaten in solitude at his club.

He had no other engagement; but he would have invented half a hundred excuses sooner than stay an hour longer than was necessary under General Vane's hospitable roof.

He dined silently and expeditiously at his club, and then made his way through the lighted streets to his lodgings in Bloomsbury.

A barrister by profession, he found his real vocation in literature, and he liked to live within easy reach of libraries and newspaper-offices.

He had been making a fair income lately, and his earnings were very acceptable to him, for he was not a man of particularly economical habits. He had about a hundred a year of his own, and Miss Vane allowed him another hundred—all else had to be won by the work of his own hands.

And yet, as he passed up the staircase to his own rooms, he was wondering whether he could not manage to dispense with Miss Vane's hundred a year.

He had let himself in with his latch-key, and the room which he entered was lighted only by the lamps in the street. He had not been expected so early, and his landlady had forgotten to bring the lamp which he was in the habit of using.

He struck a match and lit the gas, pulled down the blinds, and threw himself with a heavy sigh into the great leathern arm-chair that stood before his writing-table.

He felt morally tired. The events of the day had been such as would have tried a strong man's nerve, and Hubert Lepel was at this time out of sorts physically as well as mentally.

He had seldom gone through such hours of keen torture as he had borne to-day; and his face—pale, worn and miserable—seemed to have lost all its youth as he lay back in the great arm-chair and thought of the past.

He rose at last with an impatient word.

"It is madness to brood over what cannot be undone," he said to himself. "I must 'dree my own weird' without a word to any living soul. Florence has my secret, and I have hers; to her I am bound by a tie that nothing on earth can break. And I can have no other ties. I am bad enough, Heaven knows, but I am not so bad as to render myself responsible for the happiness of a wife, for the welfare of children, for a home. With this hanging over me, how can I hope for any happiness in life? I am as much under punishment as poor Westwood in his prison-cell. I have no rights, no hopes, no love. A life sentence did I say that he had received? And have I not a life sentence too?"

He was standing beside his writing-table, and his eyes fell upon a photograph which had adorned it for the last six months. It represented a girl's face—a bright, pretty, careless face, with large eyes and parted smiling lips. For the first time he did not admire it very much; for the first time he found it a trifle soulless and vapid.

"Poor Mary," he said, with a kind of wonder in his eyes—"what will she say when she finds that I do not go to her father's house any more? I do not think that she will care very much. She has seen little enough of me lately! I could not ask her now to link her fate with mine, poor child! She would hate me if she knew. Best to forget her, as she will forget me!"

He took the photograph out of its frame and deliberately tore it across; then he set himself to reduce it to the smallest possible fragments, until they lay in a little heap on his writing-table.

His face was grave and rigid as he performed the task, but it showed little trace of pain. His fancy for "Mary," the pretty daughter of an old professor, had taken no deep root. Henceforth it vanished from his life, his memory, his heart. "Mary," like all his many other dreams, was dead to him.

A knock at the door startled him as he completed his work. A servant brought in a telegram, which he tore open hastily. As he expected, it was from Miss Vane.

"Marion died this evening at seven o'clock, from syncope of the heart. Funeral on Thursday."

"Another victim!" Hubert said to himself, laying down the pink paper with something like a groan. "Am I responsible for this too? A life sentence did I say? It would take a hundred lives to compensate for all the harm that Florence and I have done!"

CHAPTER VIII.

"CYNTHIA WESTWOOD"—is that your name?" said Mrs. Rumbold. "Dear me, I always thought that it was just 'Jane' or 'Jenny'! Wouldn't it be better to change it, and call her something more appropriate to her station?"

"Perhaps," said the injudicious Rector, "she may not like to be called by a name that does not belong to her."

He was looking at Jenny—or Cynthia, as she had just informed them that she was called—a transformed and greatly altered Cynthia under Mrs. Rumbold's management—Cynthia with her hair cut short, hands and face scrupulously clean, a neat but ugly print frock, and a coarse holland pinafore—a perfectly subdued and uninteresting Cynthia—uninteresting save for the melancholy beauty of her great dark wistful eyes.

"What she likes has nothing to do with it," said Mrs. Rumbold, rather sharply. "Besides, she has another name—she told me so herself—'Cynthia Janet'—that's what she was christened, she tells me. She can be called 'Jane Wood' at Winstead."

The Rector looked up in mild surprise.

"Why not 'Jane Westwood,' my dear? 'Westwood' is her name."

"She had much better not be known as Westwood's daughter," said Mrs. Rumbold with decision, quite heedless of Cynthia's presence. "It will be against her all her life. I have told Sister Louisa about her, and she asked me to let her be called 'Wood.' 'Jane Wood' is a nice sensible name."

"Well, as you please. You will not mind being called 'Jane,' will you, my dear?" said the Rector, mindful of the red flush that was slowly creeping into the little pale cheeks.

He was a kindly old gentleman, in spite of his slow absent-minded ways; and there was a very benevolent light in his eyes as he sat in his elbow-chair, newspaper on knee, spectacles on nose, and surveyed the child who had been brought into his study for inspection.

Mrs. Rumbold fairly lost her patience at the question.

"How can you ask her such a thing, Alfred? As if it was her business to mind one way or another! She ought to be thankful that she is so well taken care of without troubling about her name. 'Jane Wood' is a very good name indeed, much better than that silly-sounding 'Cynthia'!"—and Mrs. Rumbold swept the child before her out of the room in a state of high indignation at the stupidity of all men.

So Cynthia Westwood—or Jenny Westwood, as the Beechfield people called her—was transformed into Jane Wood. She did not seem to object to the change. She was in a dazed, stunned state of mind, in which she understood only half of what was said to her, and when the scenes and faces around her made a very slight impression upon her memory. One or two things stood out clearly from the rest. One was Enid Vane's sweet childish face as she thrust her shilling with the hole in it into the little outcast hand. Cynthia had carefully hidden the coin away; she was resolved never to spend it. She took it out and looked at it sometimes, feeling, though she could not have put her feelings into words that it was an actual visible sign of some one's kindness of heart, of some one's love and pity for her. And the other thing was the dark melancholy face of the man who had brought her to the Rectory and told her to be good for her father's sake.

She liked to think of his face best of all. It was one that she was sure she would never forget. She brooded over it with silent adoration, with a simple faith and confidence of its owner which would have cut him to the heart if he had ever dreamed it. He had been kind to her, that was all she knew. She rewarded him by the devotion of her whole being.

It was surely a great reward for such a little act! She did not know that it was he who was to pay for her going to school, that it was he who had rescued her from the degradation of her outcast life.

Mrs. Rumbold kept her word to Hubert. She talked vaguely in Cynthia's presence of "kind friends" who were doing "so much" for her; but Cynthia associated the idea of "kind friends" with that of Mrs. Rumbold herself, was not grateful.

The child was not old enough, and had been so much stunned by the various experiences of her little life, to be very curious. She did not know Mrs. Lepel by name, or why he should be at Beechfield at all. He did not often visit the Vanes, although he saw a good deal of his aunt Leonora in London. He was quite a stranger to half the people in the village.

Also, Cynthia's father, now in prison for the murder of Sydney Vane, had not lived long in Beechfield, and did not know the history and relationships of the Squire's family, as natives of Beechfield were supposed to do.

He had been two years in the village, and had rented a tumble-down ruinous cottage by the side of a marshy pond, which no one else would occupy. Here he had lived a lonely life, gathering rushes from the pond and weaving baskets out of them, doing a day's work in the fields now and then, setting snares for rabbits, trapping foxes and killing game—a man suspected by the authorities, shunned by the village respectabilities, avoided by even those wilder spirits who met at the "Blue Lion" to talk of bullocks and to drink small-beer. For he was not of a genial disposition. He was gruff and surly in speech, given neither to drink nor conversation—just the sort of man, his neighbors said, to commit a terrible crime, to revenge himself upon a magistrate who had once sent him to goal for poaching and had often threatened to turn him out of his wretched cottage by the pond.

And this little girl too—the villagers were indignant at the way in which Cynthia was brought up. She was seldom seen at the village school, never at church or in Mrs. Rumbold's Sunday-classes. She was rough, wild, ignorant.

Careful village mothers would not let their children play with her, and district visitors went out of their way to avoid her—for she had been known to fling stones at boys who had come too near her, and she laughed in the faces of people who tried to lecture her.

Jenny Westwood was thus very little in the way of hearing Beechfield gossip, or she would have known all about Mr. Lepel and his sister, who acted as Miss Enid's governess, and concerning whose moonlit walks with Miss Enid's "papa" there had already been a good deal of conversation. She knew nothing of all this.

There was a big house a mile from the village, and in this big house lived a wicked cruel man who had sent her father to prison—so much she knew. And her father was now in prison for killing that wicked man.

Why should one not kill the person who injures one? It did not seem so very terrible to Cynthia. Before her father had brought her to Beechfield, she remembered, they had travelled a good deal from place to place; and while they were "on the tramp," as her father expressed it, she had seen much of the rougher side of life. She had seen blows given and returned—fighting, violence, bloodshed. She had a vague idea that, if her father had killed Mr. Vane, it was perhaps not the first time that he had taken the life of a fellow-man.

Mrs. Rumbold certainly showed much kindness in taking this forlorn little girl into her spotless well regulated household, even for a week, until matters were settled with the authorities of the workhouse which she had quitted and to the orphanage to which she was going.

The Rectory servants were indignant at having the society of "a murderer's child" forced upon them. If she had stayed much longer, they would have given notice in a body.

But fortunately Mrs. Rumbold was able to arrange matters with the Winstead Sisters very speedily, and the day following the funeral of Mrs. Sydney Vane—laid to rest beside her husband only three months after his untimely death—saw Cynthia's little box packed, and herself, arrayed in ness; but very unbecoming garments, conveyed by Mrs. Rumbold to the charitable precincts of St. Elizabeth's Orphanage at Winstead, where she was introduced to the black-robed, white-capped Sisters and a crowd of blue-cloaked children like herself as Jane Wood, orphan, from the village of Beechfield, in Hants.

However, Mrs. Rumbold told the whole of Cynthia's story to the Sister in charge of the Orphanage, a sweet-faced motherly woman who looked as if children were dear to her.

The one reservation made by the Rector's wife referred to the person or persons who were to pay the child's expenses. Their names, she said emphatically, were never to be mentioned.

The good sister smiled, and thought to herself that the very reservation told its own story. Of course it was the Vanes who were thus providing for Cynthia Westwood's continued absence from their village. It was natural perhaps.

She noticed that the child showed no sign of sorrow at parting from Mrs. Rumbold. She looked white, tired, almost stupefied. Sister Louisa took hold of the little hands and found them cold and trembling.

When the Rector's wife was gone, the good woman—"the mother of the children," as she was sometimes called—drew the little girl to her knee and kissed her tenderly.

It needed very little real affection to call forth a response in Cynthia's yearning heart. She burst into tears and buried her face in the mother's ample bosom, won from that moment to all the claims of love and duty, and a religion of which she as yet had scarcely heard the name.

As time went on, Mrs. Rumbold received letters from Sister Louisa relative to Jane Wood's progress. Jane Wood was, on the whole, a very satisfactory pupil.

She was a girl of strong will and strong passions, often in disgrace, and yet a universal favorite. She possessed more than usual ability, and soon caught up with the girls of her own age who had at first been far in advance of her in class; then she surpassed them, and began to attract attention; and at the end of two years Mrs. Rumbold received a letter which perplexed her so sorely that she sent it once to Mr. Hubert Lepel, who was still living a bachelor-life in London.

The letter, from Sister Louisa, was to the effect that Jane Wood, the girl from Beechfield, had developed a great talent for music, and seemed very superior to the station of domestic service for which she had been designed. The Sister received twenty or thirty boarders—daughters of gentlemen for the most part, for whom ordinary terms were paid—in addition to the orphans; these girls of a superior class were educated by the Sisters, and often remained at St. Elizabeth's until they were eighteen or nineteen. If the amount paid for Jane Wood could be increased to forty pounds a year, the Sisters proposed to educate her as a governess; with her talent for music and other accomplishments, they were quite sure that the girl would turn out a credit to her kind patrons and patronesses, as well as to St. Elizabeth's.

Mr. Lepel sent back an answer by return of post. Jane Wood—he knew her by no other Christian name—was to have every advantage the good sisters could give her. If she had talents they were to be cultivated.

When she was old enough to be placed out in the world to earn her own living, this allowance would of course cease; till then, and while she wanted help, her friends would provide for her.

"So Westwood's child is to be made a lady of!" said Mrs. Rumbold, laying down the letter with a sense of virtuous indignation. "Well, I hope that Mr. Lepel won't repent it. I wonder what Miss Vane thinks of it?"

But Miss Vane had never even heard the name of Jane Wood.

Hubert Lepel was gradually achieving literary success. But the road to success is often stony and beset with thorns and briars. His name was becoming known as that of a writer of popular fiction; he had a play in hand of which the people prognosticated great things.

For all these reasons he was much too busy to give any special attention to the affairs of the child at St. Elizabeth's School. He agreed to Sister Louisa's proposition, and sent money for the girl's education—that was all he could do. And so another year went by, and then another, and he heard nothing more about Jane Wood.

But at the close of a London season, when town was emptying fast and the air was becoming exhausted, and everybody who had a chance of going into the country was sighing to be off, it occurred to Hubert Lepel to wonder how the child that he had befriended was progressing. It took little time for him to make up his mind that he would go down to Winstead and see the school, which was quite a show-place and had been a great deal talked about. A card and a line from a clerical friend would introduce him, and his literary work gave him an excuse for wishing to inspect the institution. It would be supposed that he

meant to write an article upon it. He did not intend to say why he had come.

The building occupied by the Sisters of St. Elizabeth was certainly beautiful and picturesque. Hubert remembered with a half-smile the enthusiastic praise that Mrs. Rumbold had bestowed upon it. The chapel, an exquisite little gem of Gothic architecture, stood in the centre, flanked by two long gray wings appropriated to the schoolgirls and their teachers, the Orphanage and the Sisterhood.

St. Elizabeth's was becoming quite a noted school for girls, especially among persons of high Anglican proclivities; and in surveying the lovely buildings, the exquisitely-kept grounds, the smooth lawns and shrubberies which met his eye, Hubert could not but acknowledge that the outer appearance of the place was all that could be desired.

The school-buildings were swathed in purple clematis and roses; there was a pleasant hum of voices, even of laughter, from some of the deep mullioned windows; and he saw hosts of children sporting on the lawn in the distance. The scene was bright, peaceful, and joyous. Hubert Lepel felt a momentary thrill of relief; he had done well for Westwood's child—he need not reproach himself on that score.

A portress with a rosy smiling face admitted him into a visitors' room, a small but cosy place with vases of flowers on the table, sacred pictures and black-and-white crucifix on the yellow-washed walls. Here a Sister clad in conventual garb came to enquire his business.

The stillness of the house, the unfamiliar aspect of the woman's dresses, reminded Hubert of some French and Flemish Romanist convents which he had visited abroad. He was charmed with the likeness. It was something, he said to himself, to find such serenity, such sweet placidity of life, possible in the very midst of nineteenth-century England, with all her turmoil and bustle and distraction. He did not discuss with himself the question as to whether the life led by the inmates of these retreats was wholesome or agreeable; it was simply on the aesthetic side that its aspect pleased him. He could fancy himself for a moment in the depths of a foreign land or far back in remote mediaeval times.

Could he see the buildings, the church, the school, the orphanage? Oh, certainly! Sister Agnes, who had come to him, would be pleased to show him everything.

She was very pleasant in manner, and he had no difficulty in obtaining from her any amount of information about the institution. It seemed that he had by chance come on a festival day, and every one was making holiday.

The children were all out in the fields or garden; he could see their schoolrooms and dormitories and refectory. They were all rather bare, exquisitely clean, airy, full of the most recent improvements as regarded educational appliances.

"This is the Orphanage building," Sister Agnes explained. "We do not generally show the class-rooms belonging to the other school; but, as all the ladies are out, you may see them if you like."

So Hubert peeped into the rooms occupied by the girl-boarders, who were on a different footing from the orphans, and whose surroundings, though simple, were almost elegant in their simplicity. The furniture was of good artistic design, the windows were emblazoned in jewel-like colors, and the proportions of the rooms were stately as those of an Oxford college hall.

Hubert smiled a little at the picture of Westwood's ragged daughter amidst all this magnificence.

Last of all he was shown the chapel, the most beautiful building of the place, and on this day in particular largely decorated with the choicest flowers.

As they were coming out, a bell began to ring, and presently they met a procession of school-girls, all dressed alike in white frocks and broad hats, on their way to some afternoon service of prayer and praise.

Hubert scanned their faces heedfully as they passed by, but he could not find one amongst them that reminded him of the thin countenance, the gipsy eyes of the convict Westwood's child.

He could not resist the temptation to ask a question.

"Have you not here," he said, "a girl called Jane Wood?"

Sister Agnes gazed at him in astonishment, and the tears suddenly rushed into her eyes.

"Do you know anything of Jane Wood?" she cried excitedly. "Oh, you ask for her at a very critical time! She has been with us four years, and we loved her as our own child; but she ran away from us two days ago, and we have not seen the girl since!"

CHAPTER IX.

"WHAT do you mean?" said Hubert, starting in his turn. "The girl gone?"

Sister Agnes was in tears already.

"Let me fetch Sister Louisa or the Reverend Mother to you!" she cried. "They know all about it—as far as anybody can know anything. You—you are one of her friends perhaps? Oh, the dear child—and we loved her so dearly!"

Hubert was looking pale and stern. He had stopped short on the gravelled pathway, half-way between the chapel and the entrance to the school.

The beauty, the interest of the place was lost upon him at once. He cared only to hear what had become of the child whom he had fondly imagined he was benefiting.

If she had been unhappy, if she had run away into the wide world on account of ill-treatment by her teachers and fellow-pupils, was he not to blame? He ought to have come to the place before and made inquiries, not left her fate to the light words of Mrs. Rumbold or some unknown Sister Louisa.

He had made himself responsible for her education; was he not in some sort responsible for her happiness as well?

These questions made his face look very dark and grave as he stood once more in the visitors' room, awaiting the arrival of the lady whom Sister Agnes had called Sister Louisa, and whose letters to Mrs. Rumbold he remembered that he had read.

He felt himself prejudiced against her before she arrived; but, when he saw her, he was compelled to own that she had a very attractive countenance.

The face itself, framed in its setting of white and black, was long and pale, but beautiful by reason of its sweetness of expression; the gray eyes were full of tenderness, yet full of grief.

There were marks of tears upon her face—the only one that the visitor had seen that was at all dolorous; and yet, noting her serene brow and gentle lips, Hubert, man of the world as he was, and more ready to cavil and despise than to admire, said to himself that, if any woman could make a young girl love her, surely this woman would not fail!

"You wish," he said, "to ask some questions about our pupil Jane Wood?"

"I do indeed. I am very much surprised to hear that she has left you."

"May I ask whether you have any authority from our friend Mrs. Rumbold to inquire?"

"Mrs. Rumbold takes her authority from me," said Hubert quietly.

Then, as the Sister looked at him with a little uncertainty in her mild gray eyes, he felt in his pocket and drew out a pocket-book.

"I think I have a letter here from Mrs. Rumbold which will establish my claim to make inquiries. It is a mere chance that I have not destroyed it; but it is here, and will serve as my credentials perhaps."

Sister Louisa took the letter from his hand and looked at it. It was the one which Mrs. Rumbold had written to Mr. Lepel when she had heard of Jane Wood's talent for music and other accomplishments from "the mother of the children" herself.

The good Sister smiled sadly as she gave it back.

"I see now who you are, Mr. Lepel. You are really this poor child's great friend and helper."

"I am acting for my family, of course," said Hubert, a little stiffly. "The girl has naturally no right to expect anything from us; but we were sorry for her desolate portion."

"Yes, poor child—she has a hard lot to bear."

If Hubert was stung by this asseveration, he did not show it.

"I always heard that she was very happy here," he said.

"And so she was—or she seemed to be," said Sister Louisa, with energy. "She was a great favorite, always at the top of the classes, always full of life and spirit, always bright and engaging. Poor Jane! To think that she should have left us in this way!"

"Why did she leave you, and how?"

"Mr. Lepel," said the Sister, "if I tell you that our Jane had a fault, you won't think hardly of her or of us? A girl of fifteen is not often perfect, and we are sometimes obliged to reprove, even to punish, those under our charge; and yet I assure you there was not a person in the house, woman or child, who did not love poor Jane."

"I am to understand, then, that she was under punishment?"

Sister Louisa shook her head slightly and sighed. She felt that it was difficult to make this young man of the world understand that girls of fifteen were sometimes exceedingly trying to their elders and superiors; but she would do her best.

"Jane was very affectionate," she said, "but passionate in temper, and obstinate when thwarted. She had a curious amount of pride—much more than one would usually find in so young a girl or one of her extraction. Her high spirits too were a snare to her. She was reproved three days ago for laughing aloud in chapel; and, as she showed an unsubmissive spirit, she was sent into a room alone in order to meditate. Into this room one of our lay Sisters went by accident, not knowing that Jane Wood was there for seclusion, and began to talk to her. This young woman, Martha by name, came from the neighborhood of Beechfield, and happened to mention Mrs. Rumbold."

"Ah, I see!" Hubert exclaimed involuntarily.

"Janie questioned her about the place—questioned her particularly, I believe, about a gentleman that she remembered. I think, Mr. Lepel, that she must have been thinking of yourself, according to the description that Martha tells us she gave of him; but Martha could not tell her your name, which it seems the child did not know. It was natural perhaps that Martha should pass on to the subject of the tragedy at Beechfield—the murder of Mr. Sydney Vane and the terrible fate of the murderer."

Sister Louisa paused for a moment—it seemed to her that the young man's dark handsome face had turned exceedingly pale.

He was leaning against the wall, close to the window; he moved aside a little, as if he did not wish her to see his face, and begged her to proceed with her story.

She went on.

"Martha's tale at this point becomes confused; either she is not sure of what she said or is reluctant to repeat it. Some slur, some imputation was no doubt thrown upon the name of Janie's father; and I believe she thought that Martha knew her story and was insulting her. At any rate, the whole establishment was roused by a sound of screams proceeding from the room. We rushed thither, and found Martha crouching in a corner, shrieking hysterically, and declaring that Miss Wood was going to murder her; while Janie—poor Janie——"

"I can imagine it," said Hubert, in a low tone; while Sister Louisa paused for breath—and perhaps to recover the calmness that she had lost.

"Our poor Janie," proceeded the kind-hearted woman, "was like one who had gone mad. She was white as death, her eyes were flaming, he hands clenched; but all that she seemed able to say were the words, 'My father was innocent—innocent—innocent!' I should think that she repeated the words a hundred times. Greatly to our sorrow, Mr. Lepel, the whole story then came out. We could not silence either Martha or poor Janie—who, I really think, did not know what she was saying. In spite of our efforts to keep the matter quiet, in a very short time the whole house—Sisters, boarders, servants—all knew Jane Wood's sad history."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GUARD YOUR TEMPER.—The most common form of unhealthy excitement is uncontrollable rage. In olden times, when men lived much in the open air, ate and drank like pigs, and slept like the same unclean brutes, a fit of savage passion was of common occurrence, and did not leave very serious consequences behind.

But in these days, when the nervous system is a thousand times more sensitive and delicate, when digestion is doubtful and sleep a coy goddess, easy to drive away and difficult to bring back again, a man should think twice before he allows himself to cross the border-line between reined-in anger and furious runaway rage.

Such state of mind, now euphemistically called a "nerve storm," takes it out of some men terribly. They feel after it a profound exhaustion and lassitude which may endure for hours. The digestion is often impaired, the liver disordered and the heart and brain injured.

A man who habitually indulges in violent rage is laying up for himself a store of ills against advancing age, the least may be a general palsy, the greatest a sudden and fatal fit of apoplexy.

Bric-a-Brac.

THE NUTMEG.—The fruit of the nutmeg in appearance resembles a pear, and, when ripe, opens and displays the nut covered with a beautiful red coating of mace. The nuts are picked from the tree, put into baskets, and taken to places where they are husked and placed on shelves. They are then partially roasted over a slow fire until all the moisture is extracted. After this they are cooled, and are then ready for sale.

"THIRTEEN."—London has a "Thirteen Club." Its heroic members bind themselves to dine together on the thirteenth of every month and to sit down thirteen at a table. They propose also to set at defiance other conventional superstitions, and, among other things, to spill salt at table and to walk under a ladder whenever they have the opportunity of doing so, and when there is no risk of being smeared with paint.

WHOLESALE.—A loud kiss is the Icelandic mode of salutation at meeting and parting. The peasant kisses the daughters of the magistrate, and they kiss him in return. The pastor is also kissed on Sunday after service by all his flock. In short, a kiss in Iceland is equivalent to our hand-shaking. The people are all honest. There is no prison on the island; there are no criminals, no locks, bolts, or bars; but drunkenness is a very common vice.

PORK.—Anthony is the patron saint of pork-butchers, and all over Europe his figure is painted on their shop fronts. An old inn sign read, "Put your trust in God, and be comforted for this sign of the Good Sow," which may have been originally Anthony's pig. In Portugal the boys still call after a Jew in the street, "Gri, Gri, (Pig, Pig) do you want more bacon?" a relic of the days when a Jew was forced to eat a piece of bacon as evidence that he had abjured Judaism; in 1690 a Jew was burned for refusing this test.

CATS IN OLD ENGLAND.—Cats are supposed to have been brought into England from the Island of Cyprus by some foreign merchants who came hither for tin. In the old Welsh laws a kitten from its birth till it could see was valued at a penny, when it began to mouse at twopence, and after it had killed mice at fourpence, which was the price of a calf. Wild cats were kept by the ancient kings for hunting. The officers who had charge of these cats seem to have had appointments of equal consequence with the masters of the king's hounds.

THE MATABELE WAY.—In Matabeleland a wife costs five cows; this is paid to the girl's father by the happy man. The price varies with the rank of the dusky damsel, sometimes as much as fifty cows being demanded; but in such cases part of the cows are returned with the girl as dowry. Then an ox is killed before the girl's "kraal," she is annointed with the blood, and a dance ensues, which terminates the wedding. The Matabele country is beyond the Transvaal, between the Limpopo and Zambesi rivers, and five or six hundred miles from Delagoa Bay, on the African east coast.

TRAVELLING IN 1700.—The nobility and gentry took their journeys in ponderous coaches drawn by four horses. These coaches were laden on the top with piles of trunks and boxes, while six or seven persons with a lap dog would be stowed within. There was always a substantial larder on board to avert any risk of famine. A venison pasty, boiled fowls, a brawn, and other viands were provided, while all danger of thirst was averted by bottles of usquebaugh, cherry brandy, cinnamon water, sack, and strong beer. The convoy was protected by a basket-hilted sword, a blunderbuss, a bag of bullets, and a horn of gunpowder.

AN OUT-AND-OUT WOMAN-HATER.—St. Cuthbert would have no female creature about his place in Lindisfarne, not suffering even a cow, saying, "Where a cow is there must be a woman, and where there is a woman there must be mischief." In the cathedral at Durham dedicated to him a black cross in the pavement marked the spot beyond which no woman was allowed to pass. In 1333 Edward III. and his queen went to the Priory at Durham, where they lodged together. In the middle of the night a monk broke rudely into their room, saying to the queen that St. Cuthbert loved not her sex, and that she must up and go. The queen tumbled out of bed undressed as she was, and spent the rest of the night in the church praying for pardon to the patron saint whom she had offended.

IN HER GARDEN.

BY E. E. KITTON.

The daffodils hung drooping because their day was done,
Anemone and tulip were closing, every one;
Above the yellow sunset lay bars of purple gray,
As my love walked in her garden at closing of the day.

Ah, sweetheart! in thy garden wer't that same April still?
If that same yellow sunset yet hung upon the hill,
If those fond evening breezes yet blew thy locks astray,
If my love still walked her garden at closing of the day!

Maybe that in the moonshine at deadest of the night
She yet doth step those alleys all clothed upon with white,
But never more forever while sunsets fade away
Shall my love walk in her garden at closing of the day.

SIBYL'S CONCERN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS STILL," "PRINCE AND PEASANT," "THE LIGHTS OF ROCKBY," "A WOMAN'S SIN," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

IT was nearly eleven o'clock before Mr. Pollard's well-known ring was heard at the door that evening, and something in his wife's face, as she ran to meet him as usual, checked his affectionate greeting.

"Well, darling—am I late? I am afraid you are tired out with waiting for me!"

Then, with a sudden anxious expression, as he entered the room—

"Why, what's the matter with you both? Nothing has gone wrong, I hope."

It was not by any means an unnecessary question, for an hour of quiet reflection had served to rob both girls of all their former brightness and animation, as little by little the amusing aspect of the evening's experience seemed to fade away, and its possible serious consequences were seen more and more clearly.

It would have been a very unsympathetic nature indeed that did not at once scent trouble in the air!

Sibyl had lapsed into silence, and greeted her host with a wan smile, instead of her usual bright greeting.

Caroline's white forehead showed unusual wrinkles, and there were decided signs of nervousness in her manner.

"Oh, no, nothing wrong; but we have had a most exciting evening!"

"Indeed!"

Mr. Pollard sat down, and composed himself to listen, with evident curiosity.

The history of his wife's doings always interested him; but for once Carrie felt his steady loving gaze to be rather embarrassing.

It was rather mean of Sibyl, she could not help thinking, to sit there in such absolute silence, and leave to her the onus of telling what she feared would be the unwelcome news of their adventure; but it was of no use beating about the bush.

She burst into the recital in as lively and off-hand a manner as she could possibly assume, reading aloud Gaskell's letter, mimicking the various speakers, Sibyl's expressions of incredulity and dismay, her own anxiety and impatience, and Amy's mischievous triumph, her voice growing ever more and more tremulous and excited and her laughter more forced under the listener's chilling silence, until at length the denouement was reached, and she paused, breathless and aggrieved.

"Why don't you laugh, Will?"

"I don't see anything to laugh at! Do you mean to say that this letter is actually sent then—posted?"

"George took it down to the chief office. Yes, it must have gone by now!"

"Preposterous!" Mr. Pollard sprang to his feet, and paced about the room. "I don't know what you've been thinking about! You must all have taken leave of your senses! This is altogether beyond a joke. It was one thing dressing up, and having a little harmless fun among yourselves; but to take a step like this——"

He stopped short, with a gesture of impatience, and frowned heavily.

Caroline, who had never seen her good-natured husband so thoroughly roused, was completely subdued, and could only murmur the feeblest protest.

"Oh, Will, don't be cross, we didn't intend to do anything wrong! We never thought——"

"Thought—thought—then you ought to have thought! There's no excuse in that! You are not a couple of children to play dangerous tricks in ignorance!"

"Well, what would you have had us do? There was only a quarter of an hour to decide in—we had only just time to catch the last post."

"There are such things as telegrams in the world! You might have waited until I came home, and let me manage it for you."

"I'm sure I wish we had."

"At any rate, you should have taken the responsibility of what you did on your own shoulders! To trifle with another woman's reputation——"

"Oh, Mr. Pollard!"

Sibyl's cry of consternation, her frightened face, with the pitiful droop of her lips, checked his rapidly rising anger; he stood looking at her in silence for a few moments, and his voice, when he spoke again, had resumed something of its ordinary gentle tone.

"Well, don't look like that, Miss Sibyl! I know you did not intend to anything unkind—indeed, from what I hear, it seems that you had not much choice in the matter—that you were hurried into writing the letter before you had time to think twice about it. I'm sure you would never have done such a thing if it had been otherwise. It's rather serious, you know, to write a letter in another person's name. You might find the consequences exceedingly unpleasant if it were ever found out."

"I shall have to go to prison then, I suppose, as it is my fault!" said Caroline, gulping suspiciously, and feeling very forlorn and ill-used at being thus blamed. "I made her write it; but I meant it all for the best, whatever happens. I was so terrified at the idea of his coming down to-morrow, and going straight to see Mary Catherine. I was thinking of you all the time, and trying to prevent anything that would vex you."

"My dearie, I know that very well; but it is not like thee to take such means to hinder it. Why could George not have written plainly to explain the whole truth of the matter?"

"Oh, that was my fault!"

This time it was Sibyl who spoke.

"I would not let them tell—I couldn't bear him to be told while I was down here; I begged them to wait till I was safely home again."

"I think you are wrong; but, even so, there are surely half a dozen ways in which you might have put him off! If I had only been at home! I blame George Lee exceedingly; he had had plenty of time to think the matter out, and should have known better than to let you take such a mad step—to forge another person's name!"

"Oh, Mr. Pollard, please don't frighten me! You don't know how I regret it! I would give the world to have that letter back! But you don't really think I shall be found out? You don't think I—I ——"

"No, no, no—I don't for a minute, Miss Sibyl! It's the principle of the thing I'm thinking about. Besides, I like poor Mary Catherine, and am sorry for her; and I think it is decidedly going too far to play practical jokes with strangers, under cover of her name. If you made it quite clear to Gaskell that you could not receive him, there's no danger of his coming. I suppose you put it strongly?"

"Oh, I'm quite sure he won't come!"

Sibyl blushed and cowered once more before unwelcome memories of her hasty words.

"That's right! Carrie, come here, and don't look so miserable. I've had my say out, and am not going to be cross any more; I'll reserve myself for George to-morrow morning. When three feather-heads like yours get together, one must expect mischief; but a staid Friend like Lee ought to have more ballast. I shall tell him so, and see myself that he makes a full explanation to Gaskell as soon as possible—that must not be left to chance."

"I wish Mr. Gaskell were at the bottom of the sea!"

Carrie was still somewhat ruffled and depressed.

"He wants ballast, I should think! If people do such extraordinary things, they ought to expect to be made fun of! It was absurd sending such a letter! I call it ridiculous—almost impertinent, after one solitary meeting!"

"I don't agree with you. I think it was an uncommonly plucky, manly thing to do—just what I should have expected from the old Ralph Gaskell of our school-days. Suppose a man drifts across a girl, and is at once powerfully attracted—I believe in love at first sight—what is he to do? Trust to chance to meet her again, when he knows it's a thousand to one if he ever so much as catches a glimpse of her; or condescend to tricks and pretences, trump up excuses for dogging her footsteps, or getting invitations to meet her? It's fifty times more honorable simply to ask permission to continue the acquaintance, as Gaskell has done. I admire the way he has behaved, and am heartily sorry for the disappointment and vexation which this will be to him. He is not the sort of man to write a thing that he does not mean to the full, and it won't make his rejection any more easy to bear when he finds out, sooner or later, that he has been made a fool of. Well, Miss Sibyl, among all your victims I'll warrant you will not find many to compare with poor old Ralph!"

"I'm quite sure she will, then! William, I thought you promised not to be nasty any longer!"

"Did I?"—and Mr. Pollard laughed. "Well, I won't then! After all, a sharp cure is a short cure. The shock of the discovery may help to disperse any lingering regrets better than anything else."

"I—I think I will go to bed, please!"

Sibyl rose hastily from her low chair and stood before her friends, holding out her hand with a nervous agitation of manner which could not fail to attract their notice; her lips were compressed, her eyes bright with tears just ready to fall. The good nights were exchanged almost in silence, but the moment the door had closed Carrie turned reproachfully to her husband.

"There, you've made her cry! You were unkind! Did you not see she was very nearly breaking down?"

"I believe she was, poor girl! Well, I promise you I won't say another word, Carrie; we'll bury the hatchet. Don't you revive the subject either. Let the thing drop; it was a pure piece of thoughtlessness which can't be undone now. We're all sorry, and the best thing to be done is to make it a forbidden topic. Do you understand?"

Carrie assented meekly, only too thankful to endeavor to forget such a disagreeable topic. It seemed very hard to remember all her painstaking efforts to please Mary Catherine, her self-control under unmerited reproof, her persevering good-nature and consideration, and then to think how it might all be swept away by this one hasty thoughtless act.

Caroline had been so unaccustomed to blame for the past two years that it was peculiarly hard to bear; she was thankful to lay her tired head upon her husband's shoulder, and in his recovered tenderness forgot the day's disturbing elements.

* * * * * *

"Well, Miss Aythea, what do you think of our old-fashioned garden?"

It was Joshua Worthington who spoke, when at last, having finished the formal greeting of his guests, he was able to leave his post, and wander where inclination led him.

Sibyl was standing with Mrs. Pollard, a little away from the crowd of pleasure-seekers, listening to her explanations and histories of the various groups as they passed, and noting the strange costumes with eager enjoyment.

Carrie too was in a flutter of excitement, feeling all the reflected glory of one who had brought with her the belle of the assembly; for Sibyl, in her pale primrose draperies, softened by crepe and lace, with a sun-hat of the finest muslin and valenciennes tilted down over her lovely face, and a bunch of Marshal Niel roses in her belt, was a creature far removed from even the prettiest and smartest of the Brierley belles; and there had been just a touch of coldness in Annie Riley's greeting as she held out her hand in salutation—

"Well! Armed for conquest? How many hearts do you intend to break to-day?"

Then there had followed a little jarring laugh which amazed Sibyl, and brought an expression of pain into Carrie's eyes.

Annie was not looking her best, in spite of all her efforts; her dead-white dress and hat did not suit her nearly so well as the plain dark costume of the morning and, standing by Sibyl Aythea's side, what small stock of good looks she had seemed to desert her. Nevertheless, having once joined her friends, she did not seem disposed to move, and was still standing beside them when Joshua Worthington approached.

"Well, Miss Aythea, what do you think of our old-fashioned garden?"

Sibyl started. Mr. Worthington had approached so quietly and unexpectedly that though Annie had been conscious of his presence for some moments past, Sibyl only became aware of it at the sound of his voice; but the question was one which admitted of only the warmest reply.

"Oh, it's the most beautiful garden I have ever seen! I have heard a good deal about it since I came, but I never imagined it was anything like this."

"I am glad you like it; it is a little different from other people's—that is the charm, I think; but I should like you to see our ferneries; they are very good in their way. Will you kindly allow me to show them to you?"

Sibyl turned to her friend, but Joshua made haste to continue before she had time to speak.

"Oh, we won't trouble Mrs. Pollard; she has seen them so often that it will only be a bore to her, I'm afraid! We will leave her for a few minutes' talk with Miss Riley. They've always a lot of gossip to get through—haven't you, Annie?"

Annie made no reply, but fixed her eyes steadily upon his face for a moment, with a sorrowful intentness which could not have failed to open Sibyl's eyes to the true state of affairs if she had seen it; but she was too much occupied in making grimaces of dissatisfaction to Caroline, unseen by the others, to notice anything.

Joshua Worthington was very suave and handsome, but there was something in his manner she instinctively distrusted, and his too evident admiration embarrassed and distressed her.

"Is this the first time you've been in an assembly of Quakers?" he inquired, as they turned away, using the disliked title with a callousness that surprised her. "You must be amused at the exhibition. Funny lot, aren't they? Isn't it extraordinary to think of any women voluntarily making such guys of themselves?"

Sibyl's gray eyes opened wide with amazement.

"Aren't you a Friend yourself, Mr. Worthington?"

"I suppose I am—I am at Brierley, that is to say; but I don't think"—Joshua laughed a soft complacent laugh—"I don't fancy I am elsewhere. This generation is not so strict as the last, Miss Aythea."

"Evidently not. What does your grandfather think of such very variable principles?"

"The old boy? You don't suppose I am so foolish as to tell him anything of this sort? He thinks I am one of the most exemplary of the younger members—hopes to see me a minister before he dies—rejoices every day of his life in my faithfulness to the cause, I believe!"

Joshua stroked his moustache, and Sibyl compressed her lips and tossed back her head.

"He is the most detestable young man I have have met!" she told herself emphatically, then answered—"I am sorry for him, then!"

"There, now, you are putting me down as a reprobate at once," said Joshua, with that objectionable tone of tenderness in his voice that made his companion instinctively edge away from his side. "You can't put an old head on young shoulders, Miss Aythea; perhaps by the time I am the governor's age I shall be as strait-laced as he is. Can't you imagine me now, a venerable old fellow, perched up in the minister's gallery?"

"No, I can't indeed; I'm quite sure you will never be. You haven't the sort of face."

"Haven't I?"

Joshua felt himself complimented, being very well satisfied with his own appearance.

He led the way up the quiet shady by-path, and presently stopped at an old trellised summer-house, the sides of which were almost hidden by beautiful climbing roses.

"Now you must let me pick you some fresh flowers for your dress. What sort will you have? Those half-blown ones will keep the best, I think. Those you have are beginning to droop; you had better throw them away."

"No, thank you, pray don't trouble; I prefer the yellow ones."

"Yes, but I should like to gather you some. It's no trouble; it's an honor. Roses are the correct thing to present to the queen of beauty, aren't they?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. Is this the way to the ferneries, Mr. Worthington?"

"It's as good as any other way—better, because it's longer. You're in no hurry, are you? Now see, Miss Aythea, here are three lovely buds, nearly as yellow as yours—the slight pink shade is an improvement. They will go beautifully with your dress."

"Thank you, I don't think I shall change them. They are rather a bother to arrange."

Sibyl felt a decided repugnance to wearing flowers of Joshua Worthington's gathering.

"These will do very well."

"They look quite faded already, I assure you."

"I like them faded."

"Ah, I see how it is—some more fortunate fellow has been before me! I envy the man who gave you those roses, Miss Aythea."

"Do you? I've a good mind to tell him—he would be so surprised. It was the little man at the greengrocer's shop in Market Street who was the fortunate individual in this case. We went down in the train this morning, and brought them home with us."

"But they will not be for Caroline!"

Again he spoke in that very objectionable tone.

"Mrs. Pollard and I have never seemed to hit it off somehow. It's not my fault, for I rather like her—stylish woman, isn't she? Pollard got into hot water with my people for marrying her. He and George Lee were supposed to be shining lights at one time, and it was a great blow their marrying among the daughters of Midian. Know Amy Lee? She's rather pretty in her way, if she wouldn't go in for those dreadful gowns, all sleeves and no skirt; she would look uncommonly well in a full well-draped affair like yours, now—she wants fulness."

"Dear me"—Sibyl's lip curled scornfully—"you're a regular fashion-book! I shall know where to apply in the future, when I want hints for appropriate costumes. I admire Mrs. Lee very much indeed, and should be sorry to see her dressed like every one else. Which way is it to the ferneries now, Mr. Worthington?"

"Any way you like."

Joshua laughed, and took the path to the left; but the next moment he had the grace to look slightly taken aback when they found themselves face to face with Caroline and Annie, who were strolling slowly towards them. Carrie raised her eyebrows for Sibyl's face was flushed, and Joshua, his hands still full of the rejected roses, hurried past, with an evident air of embarrassment.

"Going for a stroll round, you see. Have some roses, Annie?" He held the flowers carelessly towards her as he spoke, and, after a moment's hesitation, she took them from him in silence.

"I suppose you know Annie Riley very well?" said Sibyl, as soon as the others had passed out of hearing. "She has always lived at Brierley, hasn't she?"

"Yes; I have known her all her life, I suppose."

"She is a very nice girl."

"She's the best girl in the world!" returned Joshua shortly. There was a real ring of truth in his voice, and Sibyl almost liked him at that moment; but the next minute, in fear least such an unreserved admission might lessen his attraction in another woman's eyes, he made haste to qualify it. "Pity she's so plain!"

"I don't think she is plain at all—I admire her."

"Ah, you're an angel of charity and generosity, you have a kind word to say for every one—every one but me! You're terribly severe upon me!"

"Really, Mr. Worthington, I'm perfectly unable, on so very slight an acquaintanceship, to form any judgment whatever about you. I have never met you before, and I am very ——"

"Now, don't say you are unlikely to meet me again"—Joshua held open a glass door as he spoke, and they entered the dim, beautiful fernerie—"don't say anything so unkind. I have conquered fate once, and I shall do it again—though I'm afraid I can hardly persuade the old man to give a third garden-party—for the pleasure of seeing you."

Then, in reply to Sibyl's unrestrained stare of amazement—

"Yes, of course, this was arranged simply and solely for that purpose—I was determined to get to know you!"

"You are exceedingly kind!"

Sibyl's tone was frigid, but Joshua only laughed, perfectly self-confident and unabashed.

"Then, if you think so, will you do me a little kindness in return? William Pollard has not honored me with an invitation since his marriage, but a word from you, his wife's guest, would surely——"

"Mr. Pollard must choose his own guests, Mr. Worthington. I should not dream of dictating to him in the matter. I think I had better go back now. Your ferns are lovely; but I think Carrie will be wondering where I am."

"Oh, not just yet—you've hardly looked round!" said Joshua, leaning against the closed door, with an air of conscious mastership.

Sibyl's beauty had fascinated him, and, if he had found the rose had more thorns than he expected, that only made the interview the more exciting.

This lovely fragile creature had evidently both a will and a spirit of her own; but Joshua was by no means thin-skinned, and it would have required very hard words indeed from such lips as those before him to wound his self-complacency.

He was evidently determined to prevent her from leaving until such time as suited himself, and, as her first movement towards the opposite entrance was followed by a corresponding one on his part, Sibyl, who had a great idea of her own dignity, and no intention of sacrificing it to the extent of racing up and down for the chance of getting to either door before him, could only stand still in helpless annoyance, resolved to weary her companion out by the curtains and brevity of her replies.

Joshua was not easily wearied however, and her patience was very nearly exhausted when, in the middle of one of his most fulsome speeches, a sudden change came over his face, and the next moment a cold quiet voice sounded on the other side of the fernery, behind Sibyl.

"I am sorry to disturb thee, Joshua, but thy grandfather is seeking thee, and wishes thy help in the entertainment of thy guests. Perhaps Sibyl Aythea will accompany thee back to the lawn."

Sibyl turned quickly round, to find Mary Catherine beside her, her face sour and stern as ever, but, without the disfiguring bonnet, showing more plainly the remains of the beauty of which Mr. Pollard had spoken.

She had sedulously avoided the old lady all the afternoon, but now, in comparison with that of her nephew, her society seemed most desirable and attractive.

"Oh, mayn't I stay with you? Do let me stay with you!" she said, with such evident sincerity in voice and manner that Mary Catherine's surprised look changed into one of suspicion, as she turned to Joshua and encountered the frown which had darkened his brow on hearing Sibyl's request.

"Certainly thou mayst; but I'm going back to the house now, to make arrangements for tea in the library. Wouldst thou not rather return to thy friends?"

"Oh, no!"

Joshua was only a step or two distant, and Sibyl was not anxious to return in his company.

"Please let me go into the house with you. It is so hot out here, and I should like to help you, if I may."

Mary Catherine smiled grimly, as she cast her eyes over the dainty figure beside her; but she turned, without a word, and led the way to a quiet side door, and thence down a long narrow passage to the library, where two or three maids were moving briskly about a long table, on which the various refreshments were laid out.

Fortune favored Sibyl's offer, for, startled by the unexpected appearance of her mistress, one of the servants who was carrying a beautiful arrangement of flowers across the room tripped suddenly, and, with a crash, the vase fell to the floor and broke into fragments, while the flowers were scattered all over the carpet.

Sibyl ran to the rescue, and, when a fresh glass was brought—after far less confusion and scolding than she had expected—quietly set to work to rearrange the blossoms, while Mary Catherine superintended the removal of the debris.

Standing as she was, at the farther end of the room, with her back to the others, and wholly engrossed in her delightful task, Sibyl was perfectly unconscious of the curious and half unwilling admiration with which, order being once again restored, her hostess watched her nimble fingers and pretty attitudes as she stepped back now and then from the table, and, with head on one side, regarded the general effect.

At the end of these surveys however Miss Aythea wheeled round suddenly, and, meeting the steady gaze of Mary Catherine, flashed out her sunniest smile.

"There—have I done nicely?"

"It is very nice; thou hast great taste in arrangement. I am obliged to thee for thy help."

"I wish I could help you more—you look so tired," said Sibyl, going a few steps nearer to the old lady, and speaking with wistful sympathy.

There was an intense longing rising within her to do some service for this woman, whom she had used so ill.

Mary Catherine's white set face, from which all brightness or joy was so entirely absent, touched the girl strangely, with the remembrance of her thoughtlessness from upon her; and, acting upon the impulse of the moment, she laid her hand gently upon her arm.

"Now, why shouldn't you have a cup of tea before any one comes in? I'm sure your head aches, and you won't have time to attend to yourself afterwards. Please do—I know it will do you good."

Miss Worthington drew back a step and stared at this venturesome guest in silence, as if uncertain how to take such extraordinary behavior; but the pleasure afforded by the unusual consideration evidently outweighed the shock to her dignity, for once more the corners of her mouth relaxed into that strained unwilling smile.

"Thou must have one with me, then, if I do."

"Oh, I will indeed—I'm longing for some tea!"

Sibyl laughed heartily: it was a curious turn of affairs to find herself sitting tete a-tete with Mary Catherine, and actually enjoying the situation—for the next ten minutes proved really the most enjoyable part of the afternoon so far, and, when Caroline and Annie came in with the general rush, they were not a little taken aback at this new freak of friendship.

For the rest of the afternoon Sibyl however was not allowed much time to spend with any one person, for everybody was anxious to see if Mrs. Pollard's friend were really as charming as she looked; and Caroline herself only caught occasional glimpses of primrose draperies, as Sibyl flitted in and out among the trees, with her attendant body of admirers.

But, whenever the draperies became visible, Joshua Worthington's figure was sure to be seen near at hand; his admiration was too marked not to be the subject of general comment, and the bright sunshiny hours dragged by wearily indeed for one sad onlooker.

Caroline did not find her enjoyment come up to her expectation.

The consciousness of Annie's silent suffering saddened her, and caused the idle commonplaces of her companions to jar upon her ears.

She was sitting, pale and wearied, on one of the seats at the end of the great lawn facing the terrace which ran round the south end of the house, waiting with no little impatience for the hour of departure, when a sudden commotion among the guests nearer the house attracted her attention.

Men ran hither and thither, ladies huddled together in groups, or hurried through the open windows into the library.

Joshua Worthington, foremost among his guests, and even at such a distance showing evident signs of agitation in manner and appearance, seemed to be looking round for some one who was not to be found among the eager crowds round him.

It was with an indescribable sinking of the heart that, a moment later, Carrie realized that it was she herself of whom he was in search, and by the time that he had reached her side her heart was beating so rapidly that she could hardly distinguish his first hurried words.

"Mrs. Pollard, will you come up to the house at once? There has been an accident—Miss Aythea——"

Caroline sprang to her feet with a cry of terror.

"An accident—Sibyl! Oh, Mr. Worthington, tell me quickly, what is it—what has she done—where is she?"

"She's in the drawing-room. Don't be alarmed, Mrs. Pollard. Doctor Waters is with her—he was standing close at hand when she fell; she is unconscious, but he doesn't think——"

"Unconscious!"

Carrie could not wait to hear any more; she flew past the crowd of curious onlookers, without glancing to right or left, oblivious of everything until she reached the drawing-room and was on her knees beside the couch; then she uttered a cry of rapturous relief on finding the gray eyes open, and seeing a faint smile of recognition light up the pallid face!

"Oh, Sibyl darling, are you better? Do you know me?"

"Quietly—quietly Mrs. Pollard!"

Doctor Waters pressed his hand significantly upon her shoulder, as he beckoned her to a distant corner of the room.

"Don't talk to her: she has only just come to herself. Leave her quite quiet. It is nothing to be really alarmed about. She fell four or five feet off the end of the terrace—foolish thing to leave unprotected just on that side, a regular trap for strangers—but she has managed to strike her head in falling, and there appears to be a slight concussion. She must be left perfectly undisturbed for a time."

"Must I telegraph for her father? He is abroad, I'm afraid, and he would be so dreadfully alarmed—she is the only child!" said Carrie, trembling violently.

"I don't think there is the slightest occasion. A few days' rest will do all that is required; you may even be able to move her the day after to-morrow."

"Most certainly not. It would be the very worst thing you could do. Miss Worthington has already offered to put her up for a day or two, and by that time I fully expect she will be herself again."

"Thou mayst leave her here with an easy mind, Caroline Pollard; I will see that she has everything she requires."

Mary Catherine spoke kindly enough, but she evidently had no intention of inviting Caroline to remain and share her watch, nor did she venture to suggest it.

She stood in silence, gazing first at the Doctor's face, then across the room at Sibyl's delicate profile, outlined against the dark cushions, her long eyelashes resting on the white cheeks, the breath coming slowly through the parted lips.

Joshua Worthington, standing in the shadow of the heavy curtains, had not removed his eyes from her face since his entrance, and his expression of genuine distress and anxiety went far to soften Carrie's heart.

"Then we may consider that settled," said the Doctor decisively. "Mrs. Pollard, perhaps you will be kind enough to go home and send us all that your friend will require, as soon as possible. I do not advise you to attempt any farewells. I'll just tell her myself that I think it best for her to stay here. She will take it more quietly from me."

Caroline felt dubious; but Dr. Water's calm collected tones—strangely different from her own, tremulous with excitement—soon proved the truth of his assertion.

Sibyl's eyes, at first startled and confused, gradually assumed a look of intelligence as she listened, and, though she did not attempt to speak in reply to the Doctor's question, when he asked her if she were willing to accept Miss Worthington's hospitable offer, she feebly held out one little hand, and smiled into Mary Catherine's face.

There was something inexpressibly touching in the action.

Mary Catherine, with an unusual twitching of the lips, stood rigidly at the head of the couch, clasping the cold fingers in her own, while Caroline, taking out her handkerchief, yielded unresistingly to the Doctor's touch, and followed him and Joshua Worthington into the hall.

Only one person lingered a moment behind—Annie Riley, who had been a silent pained spectator of this last scene in her sad experiences of that afternoon.

Joshua's distress, and agitation, as well as his previous admiration, had not escaped her.

As for his neglect of herself, it had been absolute enough; except for the first necessary greeting and that careless proffering of the roses Sibyl had rejected, he had not attempted to approach her.

And now Providence itself seemed to be working against her, in so arranging events that Sibyl was likely to spend many days instead of a few hours in his company!

Some very bitter thoughts had passed through Annie's mind during the last few minutes' silence; but now, as she stood gazing at the still figure lying so helplessly before her, a sudden beautiful expression of tenderness lighted up her face.

Sibyl was only vaguely conscious of a warm arm pressed round her neck, and a long lingering kiss on her cheek; she would never know all the nobility and generosity of that voluntary embrace; nor when, later, on Sibyl's being lifted from her pillows, a cluster of faded roses fell from her lap to the ground, did any of the onlookers guess with what an agony of suffering and renunciation they had been bestowed.

* * * * * * * * *

The next day passed away like a strange dim dream to Sibyl, lying motionless on her bed up-stairs.

Towards the evening of the second day, however, as Doctor Waters had predicted, her brain began to clear, and, after a night's rest, Mary Catherine found her patient in the morning so much her usual self that she felt bound to remonstrate.

"But thou must not talk, the Doctor expressly ordered thee to be quiet."

"Oh, that was because I was ill; he will be glad for me to talk now, for it proves that I am better!" Sibyl declared obstinately. "How good you have been to me! I'm ashamed to think of all the trouble I must have given you. Wasn't it stupid of me to fall? I was walking forward to go down to the lawn again to join Carrie, never dreaming that there were no steps on that side of the terrace: then I slipped, and tried to recover myself, and felt I couldn't ——"

She stopped, shuddering.

"It was horrible! I don't remember anything properly after that, but I suppose I put an abrupt end to the garden-party. I'm so sorry!"

Mary Catherine smiled, with grim humor.

"That was the least part of the misfortune. I think we can easily manage to forgive thee that, if thou wilt only get well quickly thyself."

"I feel very nearly well already—only a little bit tired and shaky. I wonder if the Doctor will let me get up?"

Miss Worthington thought it decidedly unlikely; but, when, in the course of the morning, Doctor Waters paid his visit, he seemed pleased to find that the patient herself felt strong enough to wish to be out of bed, and, though he would not allow her to leave her room that day, saw nothing to object to in her determination to get down-stairs on the morrow.

"Keep on the sofa as much as possible; take it quietly for the next few days, and don't attempt to read or tire yourself in any way. I don't absolutely forbid your returning to Mrs. Pollard's; but if Miss Worthington can manage it, I should much prefer your staying a day or two longer where you are."

Mary Catherine made no reply, and Sibyl, feeling intensely uncomfortable, only waited till the Doctor's back was turned to pour out a stream of apologies for her intrusion.

"I am so dreadfully sorry, Miss Worthington! I've given you so much trouble; but, indeed, I feel quite strong enough to stand a drive now. I don't want to upset you any longer—I'm sure it would not do me any harm."

"Art thou unhappy then, thou art in such haste to leave us?"

"Unhappy—no, indeed! You have spoiled me with kindness. I am quite happy—I was thinking only of you."

"I do not appreciate nursing thee then, if it is indeed of me that thou art thinking, to have all my trouble thrown away by thine own rashness. It is madness to think of returning so soon."

Mary Catherine spoke very ungraciously, and a week before Sibyl would have felt silenced and repulsed; but since then she had lived through many strange experiences.

Vague memories of a quiet ever-watchful figure by her side through those two weary nights, of soft kindly touches, and of the sound of gentle words, passed through her awakening mind, and, taken in conjunction with these, the present curtness amused rather than wounded her.

"Then I will stay," she declared, smiling, holding up two white arms as she lay back on the pillows, and drawing Mary Catherine's face down to her own—"I will stay, and thank you very, very much! Won't you give me a kiss?"

Miss Worthington stared, hesitated for a moment, and then bent down to meet the sweet lips held up so invitingly.

Sibyl little thought, as she turned her head and nestled down again for another long dreamy afternoon, of all the strange memories, bitter and sweet, awakened by that caress, the first and only kiss that had ever been pressed upon Mary Catherine's lips since the days of the one brief springtime of her life.

Long after Miss Worthington went to bed that evening she lay awake, the touch of those soft lips still fresh on her own, her heart full of a strange joy.

It was as if some of the earthly love which had been buried for so many years in a far-off grave had come to life again, and her lonely heart had once more found some one to love and care for.

Caroline returned home from her first visit, after the patient had come down-stairs, with mingled feelings of annoyance and admiration.

"Coming back! Oh dear, no, not for several days—Mary Catherine won't hear of it!" she replied, in answer to her husband's inquiries. "I never did know any one like Sibyl: she manages to bewitch everybody! I believe the whole household waits upon her, hand and foot. She teases Mary Catherine and laughs at her, and then strokes her hand, and sidles up to her in a most amazing way; and Mary Catherine looks so complacent! Old Joshua comes in every now and then, and stands at the end of the sofa, looking at her in a puzzled way, as if she were a new specimen in the museum. She is got up in a white cashmere dressing gown, with her hair all down her back—she looks abominably pretty!"

William Pollard laughed softly to himself, as he watched his wife pull off her gloves and untie her bonnet-strings.

The bonnet was thrown impetuously upon the table, and Caroline, flushed and petulant, sank down upon the nearest chair.

"Well, you seem discomposed, Carrie; but it sounds a most satisfactory report. What is it you object to—the devotion, the dressing-gown, or the flowing locks—which? Perhaps it makes her head ache to do her hair properly yet. You should take a charitable view of things, my dear."

"Oh, I do; still I thought she needn't make herself look quite so pretty, with Joshua hanging about all the time and eagerly watching her every moment! I've no patience! I know quite well how it will end; he will propose to her, and Annie's life will be ruined, and I shall be miserable, and feel it is all my fault!"

Caroline sighed profoundly; she called to mind Sibyl's early distaste, her little pantomime of disgust at the garden-party, her sudden coldness only that afternoon at Joshua's entrance, and felt convinced that there would be only one reply in store for him.

It was hard indeed to feel that so much unhappiness might be brought about; and perhaps she was the only person, of all concerned, whose sympathy was directed towards the right quarter.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOLDING HIMSELF IN CHECK.—"You women vex and fret yourselves too much about trifles," said Mr. Bixby, calmly, to his wife the other day, after she had chanced to say that she thought it "very strange" that she could not find her scissors for which she had been hunting half the morning. "You allow yourselves to get upset about mere nothings. Now, what if we men, with all our cares, did the same thing? But we don't. We're under better mental discipline. We hold ourselves in check. We—mercy, it's train time! Where is my hat? I left it there on the rack when I came in. Where is that hat? It's mighty strange—that a thing once laid down in this house can never be found again! Where in thunder is that hat? Here, you children, fly around and help find it! I'll find that hat, by George, if I have to tear the house down and throw it out of the window! It beats me how that—found it yet? No, and it never will be found. I haven't the faintest idea that it'll ever be seen again! I don't care if I did smash that vase! Wish I'd broken the pair of them! I'm savage enough to—aha! so you've found it, have you? Where was it? In my study? I didn't put it there! What! Jane says I did, for she saw me? She'd better not say that to me! I dare her to! Well, now I'm off!"

THE power of the mind over the body is immense. Let that power be called forth, let it be trained and exercised, and vigor both of mind and body will be the result.

ALL MY HEART.

BY J. J. B.

Thou art not near me, but I see thine eyes
Shine through the gloom like stars in winter skies
Pointing the way my longing steps would go,
To come to thee because I love thee so.

Oh, love, my love, whate'er my fate may be,
Close to thy side, or nevermore with thee,
Absent or present, near or far apart,
Thou hast my love and fillest all my heart!

A Haven of Gold.

BY FRANCES SELOUS.

CHAPTER I.

LADY CHARLOTTE CRADDOCK presents her compliments to Messrs. Crump and Crushit.

"Her ladyship encloses her photograph, as she is desirous of pointing out to Messrs. Crump and Crushit the fact that she possesses a remarkably fine figure and elegant appearance, being in fact known as a 'fashionable beauty,' and would therefore at any time be a very good advertisement for any really stylish milliner or tailor.

"Owing to the extreme depression in the value of land which has naturally resulted in the diminution of the incomes of the nobility and aristocracy, Lady Charlotte Craddock proposes that Messrs. Crump and Crushit should make an arrangement to provide her ladyship with costumes for the rest of the season, her ladyship's recommendations in the very best society to be considered in lieu of other pecuniary remuneration.

"Lady Charlotte Craddock incloses half-a-dozen cards of invitation for one week, that Messrs. Crump and Crushit may feel assured that all recommendations will be in the very best quarters.

"Perhaps Messrs. Crump and Crushit will be interested in knowing that Madame Sidonie supplied her ladyship, on the same conditions, with a court dress for the first Drawing-room this season, and that the dress was described in Fiction, The Spheres, and in fact in all the smartest journals, and that Sidonie received nearly a dozen orders for the next Drawing-room in consequence of the descriptions already mentioned of Lady Charlotte's appearance."

* * * * * *

Mr. Crump—short, puffy and very glossy with pomade and finest broadcloth, and resplendent with beaming face, patent leather boots, diamond rings and ruby and diamond scarf-pin—touched an electric bell which summoned a clerk into his august presence.

"Send me the shorthand clerk," he said.

There was a knock at the door, and the shorthand writer entered.

"Sit down, Brown, and write as I dictate," said Crump, of Crump and Crushit, ladies' tailors and outfitters to H. R. H. the Princess of Wales, &c., &c., New Bond Street, W.

"Madam,—Mr. Crump begs me respectfully to inform you that, as he has upon his books many very pretty and solvent ladies moving in the best society, who patronize his art and pay their bills, he can enter into no engagement to provide your ladyship with costumes for the season. Nevertheless, if your ladyship would like to call upon Mr. Crump at 11 A. M. on Monday next, which hour will be convenient to him, he will see if he thinks it would be of any service to the firm to come to any arrangement with your ladyship.

"I remain, Madam,
"Yours respectfully,
"pro CRUMP AND CRUSHIT."

Lady Charlotte Craddock was only twenty-six years of age, and had enjoyed the reputation of being a fashionable beauty for seven years.

The fourth of Lord Eglinton's seven unmarried daughters, seeing no chance of ever tasting the joys of a season in town while her three elder sisters remained still unmarried, and feeling that as her years already numbered eighteen she would be passee and "quite too frightfully elderly" before it could possibly be her turn to be presented, she made the most of her opportunities at afternoon teas during the autumn, so that before the end of the shooting season, Colonel Sir Algernon Craddock had formally asked for her hand and had been accepted as son-in-law by Lord and Lady Eglinton, who congratulated themselves upon having been able to establish a daughter so well without any of the expenses of presentation or season in London.

Lady Charlotte Craddock was presented upon her marriage, and immediately took a foremost place among that season's belles.

In the autumn, her husband's regiment was ordered to Fyzabad, an Indian station in the province of Oude.

As a dutiful wife, Lady Charlotte accompanied her husband to India; but as she found life unendurable in the station, she soon formed the opinion that the heat was injurious to her health, and discovered that her constitution had already suffered severely from the trying effects of the climate and that it was absolutely necessary for her to fly to the hills for the benefit of her health.

There the purer air, heavily charged with the flirtation which ever flourishes in Indian hill stations, apparently had a very beneficial, though not lasting, effect upon her health: for it seemed to be necessary that Lady Charlotte Craddock should spend the greater portion of the year at Tucoori, or the Happy Vale, where her solitude was relieved by the society and attentions of Mr. Loftus Brackenbury, a young cavalry officer, who was able to enjoy invalid leave with sufficient health and spirits to inaugurate a flirtation with the belle of the station, and to waltz at every informal dance, of which there are always many in hill stations, hastily arranged with a view to beguiling the weariness of lone married women whose husbands are away in the plains.

At these little dances it soon became a matter of course for Mr. Brackenbury and Lady Charlotte to waltz together through a very large percentage of the programme; and if during her stay in India, love-letters and keepsakes crept mysteriously into Lady Charlotte's dressing-case, her elderly husband was so unobservant and seemed to care so little, that it really served him right.

So said Lady Charlotte in answer to the time and novel-honored still, small voice, &c.

Sir Algernon Craddock had but two years more to serve in India, and at the expiration of that period he and Lady Charlotte left the station in which his wife had spent so many dreary days, and in whose adjacent station had occurred the one small shred of romance that could be said to have entered into her life.

When she left India, Lady Charlotte bewailed her separation from the one man she had ever loved.

It had been delightful to her to arrange stolen interviews and preconcerted meetings that should appear unexpected; and the excitement consequent on the acting necessitated by such enterprises gave to the attainment of her end a zest and an intoxication which she enjoyed to the uttermost.

Lady Charlotte Craddock tried to lessen the hardship of separation by correspondence.

A bomb launched by a discharged maid in the shape of an anonymous letter inclosing a few specimens of this correspondence informed Sir Algernon that his beautiful wife had deceived him.

He promptly altered his will and instituted proceedings for divorce; but he met his death in the hunting field before Sir James Hannen could hear the case that might have furnished the papers with so many sensational paragraphs and so much matter for witty comment; and might have afforded the middle and lower middle classes, through the medium of those papers, a short insight into the ways and manners of the upper classes, and regaled their curiosity with the refined and elegant phraseology and the purity of diction which from time to time delight the curious community who read the reports of divorces in high life.

Before she was twenty-five, Lady Charlotte Craddock, in a tulle head-dress which set the fashion in widows' caps for some years, bewailed the loss of her husband and the property which he had left, with the exception of her very modest settlement, to the distant cousin who succeeded to his baronetcy.

Unwilling to return to her father's house and play second fiddle to her unmarried sisters, Lady Charlotte resolved to content herself with a very small establishment in Mayfair.

A tiny house squeezed into a corner near the Park and elbowing a mews, swallowed up over $10,000 a year, leaving a balance of $20,000, and credit, with which to maintain the small establishment, half brougham-victoria, wondrous dresses and bonnets, &c., &c.

Of course, this style of living must lead to debt and difficulty; but Lady Charlotte, whose portrait had been three times in the Grosvenor, and whose appearance was continually being commented upon in society papers and fashion magazines, relied upon making a good second match before she should have plunged very deeply into debt.

But fortune had not lately favored Lady Charlotte, inasmuch as she had been a widow two years and no eligible match had offered, and she had found it hard to live in accordance with what she considered the necessities of her rank and position and keep her head above the growing current of debt.

It was after contemplating many expediencies that she addressed her somewhat startling proposal to Messrs. Crump and Crushit.

"Insolent wretch! I wish that I could afford to order a dress and pay for it, that I might let the creature know his proper place, and not allow him to make an appointment to suit his own odious convenience."

So thought Lady Charlotte, but, nevertheless, she wrote a dainty note to express herself willing to grant Mr. Crump an interview at the hour he mentioned.

Before seeing Lady Charlotte Craddock, Mr. Crump had been careful to obtain ample information upon the subject of her social position and reputation.

His head buyer, as a man much about town and likely to hear all that went on in high life, had been instructed to find out what he could about her.

His inquiries resulted in the unanimous verdict "that there was no doubt about it, she was A. 1; had been on the Prince's drag at Sandown last autumn; had worn a one hundred and fifty dollar dress for the occasion; hadn't paid for it; didn't mean to. Didn't seem to pay for anything, and yet seemed to live pretty comfortable—French cook, &c. Was supposed to have gone the pace in India, so was cut off with a shilling by her husband, who had been dead two years."

Armed with these facts, Mr. Crump was able to receive Lady Charlotte with an easy affability and cool familiarity with her circumstances that made her writhe, although ladies of her class who talk of "being in blue funks," and "cheeking servant maids" cannot be supposed to possess a very great amount of sensibility or delicacy of feeling.

Mr. Crump offered his lovely guest an easy chair, and sat down in another himself with the air of being quite ready for a chat with an old and valued friend.

In one hand he held a popular social journal, in the other he held the packet of invitation cards which Lady Charlotte had sent him.

"Well, now, with regard to making you an occasional dress or so, let us just see how we stand. You are certainly a very good figure; everybody knows that. I should make your waist three-quarters of an inch smaller; your shoulders require it. No doubt you would allow that. Now here is a card from Lady Dorkess. Certainly she's quite the thing, but your visiting her wouldn't help our firm. I don't suppose she ever wore a dress that wouldn't be a disgrace to a West End tradesman. Lady —and Hon. Mrs. ——h'm, h'm."

Mr. Crump threw down the cards one after the other.

"All these are well enough in their way, but they wouldn't help us. One of my men tells me that you were on the Prince's drag at Sandown. Now that's what I call good business. Everybody looks at you. 'That's a neat figure, and what a fit! Who makes her dresses?' &c.; and then Mrs. Brown, of Clapham, and Mrs. Robinson, of Brixton, cut off the nursery rice puddings for a few months, and put their husbands on short commons and come and order dresses that never look their worth on 'em, and flatter themselves that they look exactly like Lady Charlotte Craddock. Have you read this paragraph?"

Lady Charlotte read:

"The Prince of Wales honored the Bataille de Fleurs with his presence. H.R.H. looked very well, and apparently enjoyed extremely good health. He paid considerable attention to Miss Dollers, the latest beauty, who, it is rumored, will take a place among the reigning belles in English society during the coming season. I have it on very good authority that H.R.H. threw a bunch of gardenias—said to have been grown in the Sandringham hothouse—into Miss Dollers' victoria as it passed the royal equipage."

"Do you know Miss Dollers, Lady Charlotte?"

"No, she is not in my set."

"Well then, just you look here. You get to know Miss Dollers, you bring her here and let her give me a good order, and I'll dress you for the rest of the season—that's a bargain. I'll make you a dress for Ascot or for Hurlingham, or for wherever you are likely to meet her, and then if you bring her here I'll dress you for the rest of the season. You shall be measured to-day, and directly you send me the card of invitation, or the engagement whatever it may be, the dress shall be put in hand directly. Nothing for nothing in business, you know. Now, are you agreeable to that?"

Lady Charlotte would have liked to be haughty, but her doubtful position as party to such an arrangement disarmed all haughtiness on her side, and she was fain to agree to the tailor's stipulations.

Mr. Crump, of Crump and Crushit, was very pleased to pay off, in part at least, on the person of Lady Charlotte Craddock the score of all former grudges in the shape of aristocratic rudeness that he owed to her class in general.

Lady Charlotte's resources were at a very low ebb; with the exception of the rent of her house and servants' wages, she contrived to live entirely upon credit.

What little money she possessed outside her jointure, which did not go very far in the style of living she affected, was obtained by writing paragraphs for fashion magazines and borrowing.

She felt very low-spirited as she drove away from Messrs. Crump and Crushit's, after her interview with the head of the firm.

She gained her end, but at what a price.

She would have to unearth this new girl, take her up for some little time at least, and then perhaps she would not be easy to drop.

But, first of all, there might be some difficulty in the unearthing.

Lady Charlotte ordered some tea and a luncheon tray to be taken to her boudoir, a much be-wadded and be-draped stained-glass-windowed cupboard, squeezed into a corner of the staircase.

Here she sat down to meditate upon her situation.

The result of her meditation was that she ordered her carriage for four o'clock, and resolved to call upon a person whom she denominated "her favorite pal."

As a single, motherless girl, Lady Cardington had been Lady Charlotte's bosom friend and confidante in India before she had achieved the great match which had made her a peeress.

This friend was at home, and Lady Charlotte was shown into an equally be-wadded and be-draped though much larger boudoir than the one she had just left.

After the usual feminine embraces had been exchanged, Lady Charlotte stated her case with slight modifications:

"She was very anxious to meet Miss Dollers, the new beauty. Some one had told her that she was such a sweet creature, and Lady Charlotte felt quite drawn to her, and was determined to know her. Could Edith help her?"

"Well, my dear, I'll try. I wonder if his lordship is in London; he may know her, or some of her friends."

Lady Cardington rang the bell.

"Will you inquire if his lordship dines at home to-day?"

The footman, with well-bred imperturbability, answered that "his lordship had been at Newmarket since the day before yesterday, and was not to be expected until late next day, his lordship had told Harris."

"Then you don't get on with his lordship very well, my dear, I am afraid," said Lady Charlotte, who really liked her dearest friend.

"Oh, yes, dear, I do. I always do my duty to him. I look pretty and order dinner, and he confides in his butler, and not in me, which is rather an advantage, as I am afraid I should find his confidences rather vapid, with a tendency to be decidedly more horsey than I should consider quite interesting. But now, what is to be done about this beauty? Do you belong to the Primrose League?"

"Oh, yes, I am a Dame, Harbinger, or a Queen's Councillor, or something or other, with a brooch."

"Very well then, Miss Dollers is sure to be one too. All parvenus who want to get into society begin with the Primrose League. You write to her and say you want to confer with her upon the subject of election work. Find her address in the subscription lists, and write to her."

"Thanks for the hint. I'll do that. Good-bye. Thanks awfully. Are you dining alone?"

"No; Captain Vanbrugh is coming to dinner, and I am going to take him with me to Lady Dorkess. By the bye, do you know that Captain Brackenbury is on his way home?"

"No; is he?" asked Lady Charlotte, with well-feigned surprise, which might have deceived any one except a confidential female friend.

"Evidently she has not forgotten him," thought Lady Cardington.

Lady Charlotte had not forgotten Captain Brackenbury.

She had in her possession a letter from him announcing his intention of leaving India, and giving the date on which a letter would reach him at Suez, and she had written to Suez a letter in which she told him of the joy which she would experience in seeing him again, in impassioned language of which few would have believed the fashionable beauty capable.

"I wonder if he really knows how much I care for him," she thought. "People think me shallow and only capable of a flirtation, because I married a man twice my age for the sake of getting out of the nursery. I don't suppose they know how delightful it is to wear pinafores and have one's hair down one's back, and dine in the schoolroom long after one's fully grown up, just because one's two elder sisters 'hang on hand,' as mamma used to say. I wonder if I were to marry him, now that I am free, whether I should be happy. It would mean living at Chatham or some other horrid place, and contriving and managing; and being waited on by one's husband's orderly—a curious sort of object, neither soldier, servant, nor good red herring—and a one-horse carriage drawn by my husband's charger, when he could spare it. Poor Loftus! If only he were rich and could pay all my debts, how happy we might be together."

Lady Charlotte acted upon her friend's advice, and wrote a gracious little note to Miss Dollers, in which Lady Charlotte Craddock presented her compliments to Miss Dollers, &c., and begged that Miss Dollers would be so kind as to call upon her to discuss the election work of the habitation to which they both belonged.

Miss Letitia Dollers swallowed the bait willingly, and not unconsciously.

"I guess I am going to be the boom of the season, and Lady Charlotte likes to be in the front," she thought, as she despatched a reply.

Lady Charlotte gushed very sweetly and with high-bred gentleness; Letitia Dollers gushed lovingly; and they parted good friends.

When Lady Charlotte accepted her annual invitation from Lord Addlepayte to spend Ascot week at Addlepayte Villa, near Ascot Heath, she asked if she might bring her young friend Miss Dollers, a favor which was willingly granted, and Lady Charlotte was able to present herself to Mr. Crump armed with the honorable and noble lord's letter.

Mr. Crump undertook to send Lady Charlotte a couple of dresses: a chef d'œuvre for the first and third day, and for the Cup day a conception in mushroom-color which should make all other well-dressed women green with envy.

Letitia Dollers was sufficiently delighted at the receipt of her invitation to be very amenable to all Lady Charlotte's plans, and at her suggestion drove to Bond Street in her ladyship's dainty victoria, the maintenance of which was a marvel to the few who suspected the real state of her exchequer.

After a long and solemn consultation with Mr. Crump, Junior, whose taste was said to be the guiding star of the firm, Miss Dollers gave an order for costumes for the Ascot week on so lavish a scale that Lady Charlotte felt quite sure of dresses on her own account for the rest of the season.

Miss Dollers was residing at the Metro-

pole Hotel, and was very anxious to make Lady Charlotte known to a compatriot staying in the same hotel, Mr. Josiah Potts, quondam pork exporter in the Far West, now millionaire, doing Europe, and bent on the purchase of a country seat in England, old furniture, a pedigree, aristocratic wife, and, if possible, baronetage.

Of the likelihood of his obtaining this last he was sometimes doubtful, of the others absolutely sure.

A small banquet was inaugurated in the dining-room on the ground-floor of the "Metropole," at which Lady Charlotte consented to be present, and also consented to send out invitations to a few of her own friends, as Mr. Josiah Potts was not richly dowered with acquaintance in London and was anxious to get into the very best society, "the cornerjiot," as he called it.

As this was a convenient manner of paying debts in the shape of dinners owing to people whom she did not much care about, Lady Charlotte was able to gather together a dozen or so wealthy, well-dressed people.

Not her best friends, not the creme de la creme, but a few of those people who prostrated themselves at her feet in their endeavor to secure at their parties the presence of a fashionable beauty, who was known to have been admired by H. R. H.

Lady Charlotte and the friends came and feasted at the American's expense, flattered him upon the elegance of the dinner and looked askance at Letitia Dollers—in whom they saw so little to admire, and whose portraits they were sick of seeing in all the West End shops.

All agreed in wondering why Lady Charlotte had taken her up, and some even declared that they knew as a fact that Miss Dollers had paid her a large sum down to introduce her to her friends. None guessed the truth.

There are wheels within wheels in the best society.

Letitia Dollers was a great success at Ascot, and Lady Charlotte was fain to rejoice over her arrangement with Mr. Crump.

Her own mushroom-colored gown was described in all the papers.

Lured by the double magnet of Lady Charlotte Craddock and the more novel attraction of the beauty whom the knowing ones declared that H.R.H. had discovered at Cannes, and thus created, and of whom the same knowing ones asserted that H.R.H. had avowed that he would rather have discovered her than the whole continent of America, the choicest sprigs of nobility and the great ones of the land hovered about Lord Addlepayte's drag.

Young Lord Callow's team of blacks and exquisitely-matched grooms passed unnoticed, and the reigning beauty of last year bit the tips of her Suede gloves in anger and despair at the sight of the fickle crowd with field glasses levelled and forefingers pointed at the new beauty of the season.

Before the last days of June Mr. Potts had bought from its noble and impoverished owner the Tudor mansion and park known as Reminshall Abbey, Bucks.

Here, in the early days of July, Mr. Potts intended to inaugurate his career as a lord of the soil.

He had put the Abbey in the hands of a West End upholsterer, who had renovated wnatever it was possible to renovate in the furniture, and had fitted up the Tudor building with electric light, and had done all that lay in his power to modernize and hotelify the venerable edifice.

A most superior brigade of smart maid-servants, lofty footmen, and an affable arch-angel of a butler, engaged by the house agent, amply furnished forth the servants' hall and housekeeper's room.

Prancing bays, blacks and roans filled the stabling for eight horses; and half-a-dozen carriages, newly designed, and built on the latest lines, and emblazoned with the crest of a griffin rampant, which Mr. Potts had recently discovered at the College of Heraldry that he was entitled to bear for the sum of four hundred dollars, filled the coach-houses.

The "Mayflower," a spick-and-span steam-launch, was moored in a boat-house built on a backwater of the Thames, down to whose flowery banks stretched the lands of Reminshall Abbey.

The griffin ramped on massive services of silver, glass, table linen, and cutlery. Wherever a crest could be placed a griffin appeared.

From the chimneys and gutter-spouts, over which griffins hovered, to the ground glass windows of the butler's pantry, on which griffins were engraved, the new-made Potts crest was obtrusively conspicuous.

This lordly pleasure dome and all its appendages Mr. Potts had bought for himself, but before he could enjoy himself in it he required to see it filled with an elegant and well-dressed mob.

To obtain this end Josiah consulted Lady Charlotte Craddock.

He went to call upon her one morning towards the end of June, and found her pale and exhausted.

She had not yet recovered from an alarming interview with an irate jobmaster, who had supplied her with the pretty bays that drew her half brougham and victoria and who threatened summonses and county courts, and—most terrible of all—threatened to send a man to take away the bays then and there unless Lady Charlotte paid him the trifling sum of $20.00 due by her to him for horse hire.

Lady Charlotte promised to send a cheque on account by the end of the week, and rehearsed the gamut of equivocations used by people who live on credit, but Mr. Buck, of Buck and Jibb, jobmasters and horse dealers, Oxford Street, W., was not so easily pacified.

"You let me 'ave a cheque for two 'undred on account before I close my office at five o'clock this afternoon, and I'll leave my 'osses in your stable; you don't, and I'll send my man for them bays, and even if they are in the Row I'll 'ave the 'arness took off and leave the carriage there. When I says a thing, I means it, and I mean that," and Mr. Buck had departed, leaving Lady Charlotte to face the full awfulness of the demand.

A balance of $850 at her banker's and $1000 to be paid before nightfall.

It was horrid. For a few moments Lady Charlotte gave herself up to despair, but at the end of half-an-hour she had formed a desperate resolution.

At first she had almost entertained the idea of failing to pay and letting the horses be taken, but the recollections of Hurlingham, where she had an engagement that very afternoon, the Row, and the thousand and one occasions when horses and a carriage are absolutely indispensable, made that impossible.

No, Lady Charlotte would go to a money-lender.

She knew they were disreputable, and knew that they would cheat her; but she must trust in Providence or her own wits to save her from possible worry in the future, and she must provide for the inexorable Now.

Lady Charlotte put on her oldest tailor-gown and drove in a hansom to the office of a member of the tribe of Levi, whose shining brass door-plate announced him to be a solicitor, but whose name and appearance suggested usury.

After a great amount of discussion and explanation, Mr. Abraham Levi stated that he had no ready money on hand and was himself, indeed, not a money-lender, but would act in that capacity on behalf of a friend who had some few hundreds to invest.

When Lady Charlotte left his office, Mr. Levi had undertaken to send a trustworthy clerk with notes for $1500 to her house at three o'clock, the earliest hour by which the obliging friend could be communicated with, and his client had signed an agreement to pay monthly instalments of a hundred pounds with interest added until the debt should be paid off, the first payment to be made one month from the date of the signing of the agreement.

The Hebrew solicitor, who only asked a moderate commission for his assistance, drew up an agreement so shrouded in technicalities that Lady Charlotte read and signed it in utter unconsciousness of the fact that she was undertaking to pay 180 per cent. for the accommodation.

Lady Charlotte sent notes for $1000 to Messrs. Buck and Jibb and reserved $500 for her personal use, trusting that she could ward off all large payments until the end of the season at least.

Wearied with the unusual business of the morning Lady Charlotte leaned back in a low saddlebag lounge seat and gently fanned herself as she greeted Mr. Josiah Potts.

"I hear you have bought the Reminshall estate?"

"Yes, I guess I am boss of Reminshall Abbey and park. I've fixed it up and it's all comfortable now. There's a tower at one end, supposed to date from Stephen; well, I've had an elevator fitted there; electric light, electric indicators, complete telephonic communication. In fact you wouldn't know the old hole again; and now I want your ladyship to come down and stay a few weeks, or as long as you like, and to ask a party. I've asked all the people that you brought to my dinner; but they won't half fill the place; and I want to have relays of company, one batch after another, as one reads about your regular swells in the society papers. They are a sort of catechism for us self-made men and show us the way we should go if we want to be fashionable."

"Just so. But surely, my dear Mr. Potts, you have friends of your own? A man of your wealth must have made lots of friends?" answered Lady Charlotte ingenuously, not taking the trouble to appear interested.

"Oh, of course I've made friends among speculators and that, but they aren't what I want to know. I want the A 1 brand as we used to say in the West, and I know you can bring them. I've bought a launch, and the coach that I have ordered will be down in a week; there shall be illuminations, water-parties, a ball, anything you like. You just give the word of command, and I'll see that it's done."

"It is very flattering of you to ask me, of course; but you must allow me to consider the matter. I am feeling rather exhausted now, so I regret that I cannot ask you to luncheon, but call again in a few days' time and I will let you know. Good-bye, dear Mr. Potts."

Lady Charlotte did not at first intend to accede to the American's request that she should invite her friends to his house; but a certain unanimity among her tradespeople in sending in their bills with urgent reminders during these few last days of the season, together with the threatening tone of some who declined to take any further orders until they received a settlement in full, made her decide to go to Reminshall.

"Anything would be better," she thought, "than staying here to be pestered with their letters. I can't pay them and they must know that I can't! What do they want? They can't put me in prison I suppose; or half the nobility would be in prison. Directly I get my dividends I shall give these harpies something on account. I am sure they can't expect me to do more. I would go to the Continent, only one can't travel on credit. I suppose I had better oblige Mr. Potts."

Lady Charlotte pronounced the honorable name of Potts as she might have swallowed a tonic.

So Lady Charlotte invited a large party of friends and acquaintance to meet her at Reminshall, first explaining the strange circumstances of a wealthy man, owner of a beautiful country seat and eager to fill his house with people, and yet not possessing friends enough to occupy half the spare bedrooms.

Lady Charlotte's set jeered at Mr. Potts, spoke of the absurdity of the thing, and with few exceptions accepted his invitations.

There were rumors of a pastoral play to be performed in the open air, and as respect for the salt is an Eastern fad and not a European fact the guests arrived bent upon amusing themselves and on being entertained, and determined to ignore all obligation to their entertainer.

Given the disposition to make merry and the wherewithal to do so, and the results are likely to be satisfactory.

There were excursions by water organized with the greatest skill and precision by Mr. Potts.

He was once overheard to say in disclaiming a compliment upon the subject that a man who had personally superintended the shipping of 10,000 hogs ought to be equal to shipping a few dozen swells.

There were garden parties and tennis parties, dances and charades, and all Mr. Potts' guests declared that Reminshall Abbey was a delightful place to stay at.

But they were apt in quiet moments when the master of the house was absent to gather into little groups and discuss his peculiarities.

"The creature is so candidly vulgar," said one.

"I wonder why Lady Charlotte touts for him; she seems quite to have taken him up. He isn't in her set; I know—in fact I don't think he is in any set at all. Do you think she means to marry him for his money?"

"I should hardly think so. They say he was a pork butcher in America. Then there was Lady Charlott's affair in India, don't you know."

"Do you think that means anything? there always are affairs in India, don't you know, when young women go out with their husbands. So much scandal and backbiting and so little else to do, they are obliged to take refuge in flirtation."

And the conversation drifted away from Lady Charlotte and her intentions.

At Mr. Potts' request Lady Charlotte had undertaken the entire arrangement of the outdoor play, which was to be as near perfection as it was possible for a play upon whose production neither expense nor trouble but only genius was spared.

Lady Charlotte found most irksome the arranging the open air performance.

The unsatisfactory state of her own affairs made life wearisome, and the effort of joining in conversation and appearing or endeavoring to appear amused and interested soon became intolerable.

The morning's post had become a thing to be dreaded and to be awaited in fear and trembling through a sleepless night. There was a sickening unanimity about her creditors.

Then Crump, whom she had looked upon as her slave from the moment she had introduced Miss Dollers, had discovered that the erewhile ran-after beauty was an adventuress, a New York milliner's assistant who had paid for her passage and return passage with her savings, and had arrived in England with only a few dollars and the influence resulting from distinguished admiration to support her.

For a few months she had been, in her own words, a big boom and had lived on credit.

This credit exhausted she left the shores of Britain to indulge on the other side of the pond in many a hearty laugh at the guileless Britishers.

Mad with rage when his gigantic bill was returned to him from Miss Dollers' address at the "Metropole," bearing the legend in red ink, "Left; address not known," the senior partner in Crump and Crushit wrote to Lady Charlotte Craddock to inform her ladyship that as he had lost considerably by her introduction of Miss Dollers ("as though I had wished to introduce the minx!" thought Lady Charlotte indignantly) he felt that he had a right to expect that her ladyship would help him to meet that loss by paying for the dresses that he had then in preparation.

He had charged as little as possible and enclosed an account for the two dresses for the theatrical performance.

Ordinarily the price asked would be eighty guineas.

He would only charge seventy, and he expected a cheque immediately.

The costumes would be sent by a special messenger to whom Lady Charlotte might intrust the cheque, as he would receive orders not to leave the Abby without payment.

This letter in conjunction with her utter inability to comply with its demands increased those sensations that made life and the preparations for the play a burden—almost too great to bear.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

On the last trip from London to Rio de Janeiro the British steamship Hawkhurst, Captain Robertson, sailed 2300 miles with her cargo on fire; this, too, with the knowledge that there were 700 barrels of oil stowed away in the hold.

Scientific and Useful.

FIRE-PROOF AND WATER-PROOF.—A German patent has been granted for a much needed article—a fire and water-proof paper. It is made by mixing twenty-five parts of asbestos with twenty-five to thirty parts of aluminum sulphate, moistening with zinc chloride, and after washing, treating the pulp with a solution of one part of rosin soap and eight to ten parts of aluminum sulphate. Paper is then produced as with ordinary pulp.

GOOD WHITEWASH.—Take some clean lumps of well-burnt lime, slackened, add to five gallons a quarter of a pound of whiting, or burnt alum pulverized, half a pound of loaf sugar, one quart and a half of rice flour made into a thin and well-boiled paste, and half a pound of the cleanest glue, dissolved and boiled out in water. This may be put on cold within doors, but hot outside. This will be as brilliant as plaster of Paris, and retain its brilliancy for many years.

RUST-PROOF.—The improved manufacture of rust-proof paper, for wrapping metallic articles liable to become tarnished, consists in incorporating with the paper, or applying to its surface a fine metallic powder in such a manner that it will adhere. By this means, when silver, copper, brass, or iron articles are wrapped in paper, they are preserved from rusting or tarnishing by reason of the greater affinity of the zinc of sulphureted hydrogen, and preventing them from injuring articles of such materials.

HANDY SEATS.—The dress circle seats in the new Garrick Theatre in London are provided with a neat little silk pocket wherein to place the programme. Underneath the seat is a convenient box-like aperture for "hats and coats." The seats in this part of the house do not turn up, sufficient space being allowed for ingress and egress between each row. The "pit" has comfortable turn-up seats, and to each of them is affixed a loose cord whereon to hang a coat or any other wrap, and an iron ring to hold the umbrella or cane.

THE LACTOMETER AND THE CREAMOMETER.—The lactometer, or milk-testing apparatus—a common hydrometer—cannot be trusted to detect the adulteration of pure milk by skim-milk. A pure milk containing a large proportion of cream has a less specific density than skim-milk, owing to the very presence of the light cream. On the other hand the milk-glass will show the addition of large quantities of water; but, to test the purity of milk and to ascertain if the cream has not been fraudulently abstracted, the creamometer must be had recourse to; and even the careful housekeeper does not go beyond the lactometer or milk-glass, and very rarely, we should imagine, retains the services of an analytical chemist.

Farm and Garden.

SOLDERING.—A good many dollars may be saved about the farm and in the kitchen if the farmer owns a soldering kit and gives a few hours' time during the year to mending leaks and cracks. Soldering is a simple operation, and a complete and useful soldering outfit can be had at a trifling expense.

PLANTS.—Any plant is a weed that is not desired. Two plants of the same kind should never occupy the space that should be allowed to one only, as it is their nature to struggle for the same kind of food and for supremacy. If the plants are too thick some of them should not support more than it can feed properly.

HEAT AND COLD.—Artificial freezing is the latest French scheme for preserving milk. The very opposite of this is a Norwegian invention whereby the minute organisms which cause the fermentative and putrefactive changes in milk are destroyed by heat. The milk is then hermetically sealed and will keep fresh for an indefinite time.

STUMPS.—Stumps left in the field will not decay if shoots are allowed to grow out. It is not difficult to destroy stumps if the shoots are kept down. If the field of stumps is a large one a small flock of sheep will greatly assist in preventing any kind of growth on the stump, as the sheep will readily eat the tender shoots as fast as they appear.

POULTRY.—The hens should be kept at but very small cost in summer. Instead of feeding grain give the hens chopped grass. Cut it up fine, give them a trough full, and they will need nothing else if they are in good condition. Clover is excellent, and the hens will eat quite a large quantity in a day. The finely chopped grass is also an elegant food for young chicks.

FARMS AND FARMERS.—It is equally important to the country that the returns in relation to farm products and live stock should be full and correct for the coming United States Census. The enumerator in the house to house visit he will make during the month of June, 1890, is constantly met with the fact that farmers keep no books and hence returns are not infrequently guess work. The census year begins June 1st 1889 and ends May 31st, 1890. If farmers throughout the country would note this fact and keep account of the products of their farms during the census year it would be of material aid in securing reliable returns for the Eleventh Census.

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The Value of Hope.

Hope is that pleasure of the mind which every one finds in himself, upon the thought of a probable future enjoyment of a thing which is apt to delight him.

It is the desire of some good, attended with the possibility, at least, of obtaining it; and is enlivened with joy, greater or less, according to the probability there is of possessing the object of our hope.

Scarce any passion seems more natural to man than hope, and considering the many troubles he is encompassed with, nothing is more necessary; for life, void of all hope, would be a heavy and spiritless thing, very little desirable, perhaps hardly to be borne; whereas hope infuses strength into the mind, and by so doing lessens the burdens of life.

There is, perhaps, no other feeling which the human breast cherishes so nearly connected with its happiness.

It was mercifully appointed that, in a world whose brightest visions of felicity prove but the shadow of a shade, whose past pleasures, while they feast the memory, leave the heart aching with a sense of their desertion, and whose present enjoyments vanish ere they are grasped, and wither ere they bloom, some more enduring realities should be held out to the anticipation of the spirit, fainting under weariness and disappointment.

When sin had entered within the bowers of Eden, and the primal curse had been pronounced on the parents of the human race, Hope, the young and beautiful offspring of untainted joys, sojourned with the exiles and attended on their wanderings.

She cheered them with the song of future and happier days, pointed them to the horizon of eternal life, and showed the first glimmerings of that bright and morning star which should rise on Bethlehem and set on Calvary, but whose brightness should remain, and whose memory should live, till eternity has lost itself in its own vastness.

Since then she has trod a thorny path, and partaken deeply of the wretchedness of the world, which she came to solace and to cheer.

Time was when she could have flown over the obstructions of her path, but the cruelty of men has bound her wings, and her feet have bled among the briars of the wilderness.

Very often, however, in many respects, human life has not a greater enemy than hope. Hope is the miserable man's god, which in the hardest gripe of calamity never fails to yield him beams of comfort. It is to man as a bladder to one learning to swim; it keeps him from sinking in the bosom of the waves, and by that help he may attain the exercise; but yet it many times makes him venture beyond his height, and then if that breaks, or a storm rises, he drowns without recovery.

How many would die did not Hope sustain them! How many have died by hoping too much!

This wonder we may find in Hope—that she is both a flatterer and a true friend. Like a valiant captain in a losing battle, it is ever encouraging man, and never leaves him till they both expire together.

While breath pants in the dying body, there is hope fleeting in the wavering soul. It is almost as the air on which the mind doth live.

Who could live surrounded by calamity did not smiling Hope cheer him with expectation of deliverance?

There is no estate so miserable as to exclude her comfort. Imprison, vex, fright, torture, show Death with his horridest brow, yet Hope will dash in her reviving rays that shall illumine and exhilarate in the swell of these.

Hope does not more befriend us with her gentle shine than she often fools us with her sweet delusions. She cozens the thief of the coin he steals, and cheats the gamester more than even the falsest die.

It abuseth universal man, from him that stoops to the loam wall (a cot of clay) upon the naked common to the monarch on his purple throne.

Whatsoever good we see, it tells us we may obtain it, and in a little time tumble ourselves in the down bed of our wishes; but it often performs like Domitian, promising all with nothing.

It is indeed the rattle which Nature did provide to still the froward crying of the fond child, man.

Certainly it requires a great deal of judgment to balance our hopes even. He that hopes for nothing will never attain to anything.

This good comes of over-hoping, that it sweetens our passage through the world, and sometimes so sets us to work as to produce great actions.

But then, again, he that hopes too much shall deceive himself at the last, especially if his industry goes not along to fertilize it. For Hope without action is a barren undoer.

The best is to hope for things possible and probable. If we can take her comforts without transferring to her our confidence, we shall surely find her a sweet companion.

Although a man may have failed in all that he has tried to do, he may have succeeded in doing something else of which he had not thought, but which may be more important and enduring than that which he attempted to accomplish. If he has really tried hard and honestly, he has gained wisdom and power and experience and caution, which will stand him in good stead in future exertions. This is a consolation which is seldom offered in times of trouble, yet it is a real one.

Wisdom and virtue are by no means sufficient, without the supplemental laws of good-breeding, to secure freedom from degenerating into rudeness, or self-esteem from swelling into insolence. A thousand incivilities may be committed, and a thousand offices neglected, without any remorse of conscience, or reproach from reason.

Among well-bred people a mutual deference is affected, contempt of others is disguised, authority concealed; attention given to each in his turn; and an easy stream of conversation maintained without vehemence, without interruption, without eagerness for victory, and without any airs of superiority.

Small crimes always precede great crimes. Whoever has been able to transgress the limits set by law may afterwards violate the most sacred rights. Crime, like virtue, has its degrees, and never have we seen timid innocence past suddenly to extreme licentiousness.

There is no den in the wide world to hide a rogue. Commit a crime, and the earth is made of glass. Commit a crime, and it seems as if a coat of snow fell on the ground, such as reveals in the woods the track of every partridge and fox, and squirrel and mole.

The desires which lie at the root of discontent may or may not be wholesome and reasonable. The question is, What shall we do with them? If they conflict with something higher and better, let that which is higher and better crowd them out; if, on the other hand, they can justify themselves to our sense of right, let us work for their fulfillment with heart and soul.

Must a man then afford himself no leisure? Leisure, is time for doing something useful; so employ thy time well, if thou meanest to gain leisure; and since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour. He that complains of the shortness of life, should take care not to waste time; for that is the stuff that life is made of.

True courage is cool and calm. The bravest of men have the least of a brutal bullying insolence; and in the very time of danger are found the most serene and free. Rage, we know, can make a coward forget himself and fight. But what is done in fury or anger can never be placed to the account of courage.

No human being ever was or will be capable of achieving eminence in the business world without at least the indirect help of others. Therefore let all young men who are entering business life labor in a manly and just to make friends—and of the right kind.

Work while it is called to-day, for you know not how much you may be hindered to-morrow. One to-day is worth two to-morrows. Never leave that till to-morrow which you can do to-day; so begin to save time now; you cannot begin too soon.

Good breeding is not confined to externals, much less to any particular dress or attitude of the body; it is the art of pleasing, or contributing as much as possible to the ease and happiness of those with whom you converse.

It is because gold is rare that gilding has been invented, which, without having its solidity, has all its brilliancy. Thus, to replace the kindness we lack, we have devised politeness, which has all its appearance.

The religious profession of some people is like the ashes on a rusty altar, which show that there once were warmth and light and flame, but which also show that it is long since they worshipped here.

The worst effect of sin is within, and is manifest not in poverty, and pain, and bodily defacement, but in the discrowned faculties, the unworthy love, the low ideal, the brutalized and enslaved spirit.

Whether young or old, think it neither too soon nor too late to turn over the leaves of your past life and consider what you would do if what you have done were to be done again.

That was excellently observed, say I, when I read a passage in an author where his opinion agrees with mine. Where we differ, there I pronounce him to be mistaken.

Common opinions often conflict with common sense; for reason in most minds is no match for prejudice, a hydra whose heads grow faster than they can be cut off.

If all men would bring their misfortunes together in one place, most would be glad to take his own home again, rather than to take a proportion out of the common stock.

Nothing is so swift in its progress as calumny; nothing more easily escapes us; nothing is more readily received; and nothing can be more widely spread abroad.

How is the best part of our riches. What sufficeth it that we have the wealth of the Indies in our pockets, if we have not the hope of heaven in our souls?

Lie not, neither to thyself, nor man, nor God. Let mouth and heart be one; beat and speak together, and make both felt in action. It is for cowards to lie.

Crime and punishment grow out of one stem. Punishment is a fruit that, unsuspected, ripens within the flower of the pleasure that concealed it.

The World's Happenings.

Valentine, Neb., has an Indian hod carrier.

There are nearly 1400 practicing lawyers in Philadelphia.

The longest verse in the Bible is the ninth verse of the eighth chapter of Esther.

A real estate agent at Tacoma, W. T., claims to have paid $3,500 for postage stamps last year.

The gamblers of Louisiana have offered to pay the State debt—$12,000,000—for a fifty-year license.

Thirty divorces were granted in one day during the recent session of the Supreme Court at Manchester, N. H.

A little girl in Orvingsville, Ky., choked to death after swallowing a grain of corn, which lodged in her throat.

On the South Australian railways engineers who run their trains for two years without an accident receive a present of $50.

It is calculated that a mother in talking to her infant speaks 36,000 words a day—equal to about four hours' continuous talking.

A number of persons in Atlanta, Ga., responded to a parrot's cry of "fire" and discovered that a house across the way was in flames.

A mischievous boy at Ashley, Pa., wrote on the bulletin board of a mine office: "No work to-morrow." The mine was idle in consequence.

A steel mat for the office of the Hotel Richelieu, Chicago, is 41 feet long and 4 feet wide, the largest ever made in the world in one piece.

While John Franklin, of Athens, Ga., was absent from home an immense swarm of bees took possession of his house, having entered through a knot hole.

A young woman in Orange, N. J., became a walking conflagration a few days ago, owing to the fact that she had donned a bustle made of newspapers.

Postage on letters that pass between Canada and the United States has been reduced. It used to be 3 cents per half ounce; now it is 2 cents per ounce or fraction thereof.

In a hollow in a tree cut down near Atlanta recently were found eight muskets and two bayonets. It is supposed that they were placed there by soldiers during the Rebellion.

A fisherman at Winthrop, Me., tells that he caught a pickerel through the ice on lake Maranocook last January and found in its stomach a roll of undigested bank bills amounting to $30.

A colored woman in Clarke county, Ga., keeps two coppers on a table near her bed to be put on her eyelids should she die during the night. She also nightly makes other preparations for her death.

A girl of eleven, arrested recently for theft in New York, admitted to the police that she had made a practice of robbing small children for a long period. Her parents tried to reform her, but in vain.

Signal Post, Cal., possesses a school-teacher who believes in discipline. A local paper remarks: "Our energetic and enterprising teacher followed a runaway pupil to his home and there chastised him."

A novel feature of the coming firemen's picnic in New Brunswick, N. J., is to be a real pigs-in-clover contest. Prizes of $25 are to be given to every man who can in 20 minutes get four live pigs into a pen in the middle of the grounds.

A policeman at Orlando, Fla., opened fire on a stray dog in the street, wounding it at the first shot. This so angered another dog that he attacked the officer savagely, and he had to do some lively moving to escape from the animal.

The bill restoring the punishment of flogging with the cat-o'-nine-tails and authorizing its infliction upon burglars convicted of having dangerous weapons in their possession, has passed its third reading in the British House of Commons.

Some tricky youngsters in Belfast, Me., put one of their number in the bottom of a bag, covered him with old iron, rags, etc., dragged the whole into a shop, had the bag weighed and were just settling with the man of the shop when the hidden boy sneezed and spoiled the trade.

Intemperance has spread to such an extent among boys and girls in Austria that the Vienna School Board is again moving to have a law enacted prohibiting the sale of intoxicants to children under 15 years of age. The appearance of a boy at school in a state of drunkenness is said to be by no means a rare sight in Vienna.

A young man of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., was so overjoyed at his admission to the bar that he lost his senses for a time. He got out a brass band of 12 pieces and marched up and down the street ahead of the drum major, carrying a broom. He was arranging for fireworks and other jubilations when his friends secured him.

The following is the advertisement of a grocery store in Missouri: "Any man who drinks 2 drams of whisky per day for a year, and pays 10 cents for it, can have at our store 50 cents of flour, 25 pounds of granulated sugar, and 75 pounds of good green coffee for the same money, and get $2 50 premium for making the above exchange in expenses."

An Oldtown, Me., woman who moved into an Episcopal church there several months ago and began housekeeping with her two daughters, still "holds the fort." The members of the church have been busy ever since striving to prove the prior claim to the property, but have as yet been unable to oust her. The matter has reached the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and awaits his decision.

At Reinickendorf, a village near Berlin, a consumptive sanitarium is to be erected on a novel plan, utilizing the supposed therapeutic influence of association with certain animals. A large cylindrical building will be occupied in the upper part by the patients, while the ground floor will be given up to the accommodation of large numbers of milch cows, the exhalations of which will be conducted to the apartments above.

WAITING.

BY WM. W. LONG.

I am bound to you, my Priestess,
With Love's stainless golden chain;
With Love's sweetness and Love's sadness,
With Love's glory and Love's pain.

Though the shadows gather darkly,
And for us there seems no day,
I shall love you true and faithful,
I shall love you, sweet, always.

In some far-off twilight hour,
When your life is lone and cold,
As the shadows gather darkly,
Back will come those nights of old.

Then stretch out your hands unto me,
'Mid the battle-strife of men;
I will come, my pure-eyed Priestess,
Love will wait for you till then.

The Orange Diamond.

BY M. B. DRANE.

ON a certain night in June, 1890, a ball was to be given at the Colonies Exhibition, South Kensington, by the Rajah of Kittypore. Among the personal friends of the Indian prince were Colonel and Mrs. Cannock, living at that time in Cadogan Place.

On their way home from a tour round the world they had traveled in his company, and he had shown some anxiety to keep up the intimate acquaintance so formed, falsifying Mrs. Cannock's prediction of his speedily forgetting them.

Their names were therefore in the special list drawn up by the Rajah for invitations to the ball in question.

When Colonel Cannock came in to dinner on that day, his wife saw at once that he was full of some bit of intelligence he was eager to share with her.

He was a man given to small enthusiasms, and she had a smile ready for the latest, whatever it might turn out to be.

"Nora, my dear," he began almost at once, "what do you say to being worth upwards of ten thousand pounds as you stand at the ball to-night?"

"That I should be cheap at the price to you, my dear, and very expensive to anyone else who bid for me."

He had taken a small object from his breast pocket. She watched him with some curiosity as he opened a little jeweler's case, and suddenly became alarmed lest he should have been spending some unconscionable sum upon a bit of jewelry she did not want.

He slowly turned his hand until the lamplight fell upon what he held. Nora saw a little pool, as it were, of intense glowing light.

"What is it?" she asked; "have you caught a comet in its decadence?"

"It's a single diamond," he said triumphantly, "worth ten thousand, and you are to wear it to-night. The Rajah himself will come second; even he can't match that—it's unique. It's the famous Orange diamond, found in the———river."

"But what have you to do with it, Roland?" Nora asked, truly aghast at the notion of a sudden fit of wild recklessness such as alone could have induced her husband to purchase such a royal gem.

"Martin, you know Martin," ran on Colonel Cannock airily; "well, he is part owner of this tremendous diamond, and he asked me if you would wear it to-night so that the Rajah might see it to advantage. They are in hopes he may buy it. Of course I said you would have no objection, and here it is. You will cut out every other woman in the room; not but what I think you do that without any diamonds."

"And how did you come home?" Nora asked judicially.

"By Underground," answered her husband innocently.

"Then I can only say it is a miraculous blessing that you were not followed, robbed, and murdered. Roland, I have a very strong objection to wearing such a frightfully valuable thing—one that belongs to some one else, too. Suppose I lost it?"

"They take the risk of that. I never dreamt of your not being delighted to appear in a perfectly unique jewel." He was quite crestfallen, and stood gazing pensively down at the glowing spot of light, pulling his moustache, until Nora was touched, and gave a little laugh which reassured him.

"If I must wear it, it shall at least be sewn on with all the power of needle and thread," she said; "but I shall not have an easy moment until it is safe back in the hands of Mr. Martin and Co."

This point being settled, they presently sat down to dinner, and they had not left the dining-room before some one called to see Colonel Cannock from Messrs. N——.

"The diamond!" he exclaimed, and hastened into the hall.

Now it happened that Nora had been wanting all day to talk over a certain subject with her husband. There was an eccentric old aunt of his who had quarrelled with them.

The origin of this quarrel was nothing more serious than a complicated history of a hamper of ducks and spring chicken, sent by the old lady economically by goods train, so that on arrival a speedy burial was the only suitable ceremony to be performed.

It was evidently somebody's fault, and Mrs. Wilmington found by a mysterious process of reasoning that it was Colonel Cannock's.

Nora thought that the consequent estrangement, heightened by many letters—reams of paper in fact from the aunt—had endured long enough, and she had it much in her heart to write that very night before going to the ball.

She knew she should have some difficulty with her husband, who, though the most amiable of men on the whole, had just a little twist of temper that such an occasion was sure to bring out. He would say that overtures of reconciliation would look like greedy hankering after the old lady's money. She had made a propitious beginning when the interruption came.

"That diamond," she mused, "will worry me until it is safe out of our possession."

Her husband came back to tell her that Messrs. N——had engaged a detective in plain clothes to watch over the safety of the diamond, if he, Colonel Cannock, could obtain admission for him.

"Of course, I said yes at once," he added, "for I knew it could be done, but I must just go round and speak about it to W——, who will manage it. He is not only a friend of the Rajah's, but in his official capacity as one of the commissioners will give me a pass. Now I hope your mind is relieved, and that you will enjoy yourself without giving the Orange diamond another thought. By the way, the man has orders to fasten the brooch on himself, if you have no objection."

Nora rang for her maid, sent her for her ball dress, and saw the detective, who was a quiet, rather hungry-looking man, like a shabby waiter, dexterously attach the jewel by means of a little wire he had brought with him.

"I defy any ordinary thief to snatch that," he said, looking admiringly at his handiwork. "What a beauty it is!" he murmured rapturously; then, promising to follow their brougham in a cab, and be at the Exhibition as soon as they were, he left the room, as he had entered it, with a noiseless swiftness that Nora thought must be extremely useful in his professional duties.

The Indian, the Chinese, and several of the other courts, lent to the Rajah for the occasion, were arranged so as to form a magnificent suite of reception rooms. The gardens were illuminated, and the terrace on to which the Prince's private rooms opened turned into a bower of roses.

Nora Cannock was a beautiful woman, but it required a very special order of beauty and dress to shine among that, apart from metaphor, "glittering throng." The diamond, the great flashing, dazzling lake-let that seemed to hold a heart of lurid fire within it, obtained this distinction for its wearer. The Orange diamond became a prevailing topic of discussion.

The Rajah, who blazed, as Nora said to her husband, like a tree at a Botanical Gardens' fete, one mass of colored jewels, was attracted at once by the rare splendor of the great diamond. He had a passion for precious stones, and eagerly asked all about it.

The detective was present; he had walked behind his ten thousand pound charge into the Exhibition, and every now and then Nora saw him unobtrusively moving about.

Nora had already been glad of his watchfulness, for between her carriage and the entrance, she had fallen a pace or two behind her husband, who had a proper martial stride, and suddenly a man, artisan or mechanic, had appeared, blocking her way for a single instant.

He had looked full in her face, with an eager rather than impudent air, and asked in a distinct but rough voice, "Where is Jim?"

She glanced back, satisfied to see the detective's sallow, wizen face close at hand, and the man disappeared in the darkness, but his voice lingered in her ear. She was sensitive to tones, and there was a peculiar ring of pain and bitterness in it.

"He is mad," she thought pitifully, "but mad from misery of some kind;" and again and again that "Where is Jim?—the aimless query seemingly wrung from a deeply troubled soul—recurred to her memory.

It set her fancifully thinking by-and-by of the many astray and wandering in this perplexed world. This ball was very gorgeous and very pleasant, but it seemed to her, now that she was a little tired, just one blazing spot of beauty and luxury in a wide, wide sea of sadness and wistful seeking after many things lost or unobtainable.

"There must be a good many lost Jims about," she thought with a little smile, as her memory flitted back a good many years to an old young love of hers, a fine fellow, whose name, being too romantic and sounding for Saxon taste, had always been known as "Jim" by his intimate friends.

He had spent a year in her old home, and it had been a year of great enjoyment, endless fun, merging by degrees into serious love-making. He had not been the most satisfactory of youths, rather a scapegrace in short, but terribly winning, and when he went away to make a fortune, after showing greater capacity for spending one, Nora's heart was very near breaking.

This was long ago, and she was a far happier woman than if she had had the misfortune to carry that first love of hers. Nevertheless, there was always a soft spot in her heart for him, and she reproached herself for having allowed the time to slip by for answering his last letter.

She resolved to write on the chance of his being still in the same place. All these reflections flashed in and out of the brief spaces during which she was not actually in conversation with one friend or another, while the ball was running out its brilliant sands.

Colonel Cannock meanwhile was very well amused, having found many an old acquaintance, chiefly civil servants in high posts, on leave. He had lived so long in India that to meet them was a refreshing excitement for him.

One of them, Sir Meredith Walton, who had just retired into private life with his K.C.M.G., was discovered by him at a whist table. Walton's play was a thing to watch respectfully, devoutly indeed, by a true whist player, and Colonel Cannock stationed himself behind his back. Presently he resigned his seat to another devotee of the science, and went for a stroll with Cannock, having up to this time seen nothing but the four suits and the green cloth.

But one flash of his keen hazel eyes took in more than Colonel Cannock, who was talking without cessation, had absorbed in the course of hours. People, things, places, were ticketed by some electric mind process, and popped into their niches, not to be moved again.

Cannock had told the story of the Orange diamond, and was now looking about eagerly for the wearer of it.

"I can't see my wife anywhere, but look—just between those palms—that is the detective fellow they have put on guard over the diamond."

Sir Meredith looked between the palms and stroked his moustache once deliberately. He was a man who dealt out words as grains of gold.

"That is no detective," he said placidly.

What he said was never taken with a disrespectful pinch of salt—a light doubt. Colonel Cannock seized him by the arm, asked what he meant, protested, assured, but looked anxious.

"If I were a betting man I would lay you twenty pounds on it. Give me leave to telegraph to Messrs. N———, and I will speak to my 'boy,' Li Che."

Li Che, a superior Chinaman in blue silk, long pigtail, hands folded under his open sleeves, in priestly fashion, and with the hollow cheeks of an opium-eater, was on duty in the Chinese court. The two men turned in that direction, and the soft-footed Celestial glided up at a sign from his master.

A few rapid orders in pigeon English, received with a series of small nods by Li Che, and the Chinaman followed at a short distance, while the two Englishmen returned to the spot from whence they had seen the detective. He had gone. Sir Meredith said:

"Come and find your wife; he will not be far off."

A minute later they saw the man, checked in his progress by a throng of the Rajah's guests marshalling about royalty. His sallow face had a strange withered look, his eyes were cast down, but shot restlessly from side to side, without corresponding movement of the head. An almost imperceptible sign from Sir Meredith sent Li Che to dog his steps. Colonel Cannock went to search for his wife, and Sir Meredith to despatch a telegram.

Threading his way in and out of the gay crowd streaming in all directions, catching now the sounds of the band in the distance, and now the voices of Russian glee singers, Colonel Cannock looked for his wife, feeling uneasy, half alarmed, by his friend's strange assertion.

He said to himself that even Walton might be mistaken sometimes, that he had got into the habit of deeming himself infallible, and practising an uncalled-for suspiciousness. He was presently accosted by one of the Rajah's suite, who with a profound bow informed him that her ladyship Mrs. Cannock was waiting for him in the Australasian court.

The dark face and jeweled turban bowed themselves away again among the motley throng, and Cannock hurried on in the direction named to him. The cream and silver folds of his wife's train caught his eye the moment he mounted the step into the court.

It formed the one pale spot against the quaint background of green foliage, dark wigwams, brown savages gliding, or skilfully seeming to glide, on the painted river. A great mass of real foliage and living palms had been added to the decorations, and the court was empty but for that one moon-hued figure.

"Oh, Nora!" he began at once, for he was dying to tell her all about it. "Nora!" he repeated, dashing up with one stride. She remained immovable, her head turned and resting against the plush back of the settee.

He bent down to examine her face with a sudden cramp of agonized apprehension at his heart. She was perfectly still, her eyes open, but unseeing. He tried her pulse, and when he had steadied himself to attention found that it beat.

He laid her full length on the couch and she sighed; consciousness was evidently returning. Looking round for help he saw some one coming down the vista of greenery, and called out. Up strode Sir Meredith Walton.

"I was in search of you," he said, then fixed his eyes on the recumbent figure of his friend's wife. "I'll fetch a doctor," he added, and without one question or remark was gone "like a lamplighter."

Even at that anxious moment his prompt exit provoked a smile, recalling many an exciting episode on both English and Oriental cricket field to Colonel Cannock. Before he returned with a distinguished physician in his relentless grasp, Mrs. Cannock had recovered consciousness, though not clearness of recollection. Her husband pressed her to tell him what was the matter; all she could say was:

"I really have not the least notion; I don't think I am ill."

Sir Meredith and the doctor appeared in a very short time. The latter stooped down, picked up a white handkerchief, and said:

"This is the explanation. I'm afraid it's a case for the magistrate rather than the physician. Mrs. Cannock, do you miss anything?"

Two voices exclaimed together "The diamond has gone!"

"This," said the doctor, "is what they call in my part of the country a pretty kettle of fish. Of course I know that it is the famous Orange diamond that has gone. What can I do to assist you, Colonel Cannock?"

Sir Meredith Walton vanished without a word.

Husband and wife gazed at one another, paralyzed for the moment by the greatness of the disaster. The doctor carefully folded the handkerchief steeped in a strong anæsthetic, and cast his experienced eyes slowly round. Wigwam and canoeing savage did not escape his scrutiny, nor even the mahogany brown papooses sprawling in close imitation of nature.

"A very easy place for concealment," he remarked, pointing out the domestic group in front of the wigwam.

The shock had restored Nora to the full possession of her senses.

"I was here with the Rajah," she said, "and—and after a time I asked him to send some one to find you, Roland. That horrible wicked diamond!" Her husband's amazed expression caused her to add in lower tones, "I have been horribly insulted: he offered me the position of his head wife, promised to make me a princess, said that was the condition upon which he would buy the diamond and give it to me, and, you—you, Roland—counted for nothing. He seemed to think it a mere trifle that I—I had a husband."

Here she began to sob convulsively. The

doctor, who was standing out of hearing, stepped off with dignified haste to get some wine for her.

"Well, never mind just now," poor Roland said soothingly; "I dare say he meant it only as a sort of an Oriental homage. He thinks you a very beautiful woman, and does not understand our ways, though he does our language. It shall never occur again, that I promise you; and, Nora darling, don't worry—I dare say it will come all right, and the diamond will turn up."

Nevertheless he was very pale, and felt that ten thousand pound stone a very millstone about his neck.

"Oh, that dreadful diamond!" cried Nora; "of course I know who stole it."

He looked amazed. "You know?" he questioned.

"Yes; the moment the Rajah had left me, what I then thought a curious thing happened. A rough-looking man, not a gentleman, suddenly appeared half behind me, and said in a painfully wretched sort of voice, 'Where is Jim?' and what made it seem more strange was that that very man had all but stopped me as I was following you from the carriage and asked the same stupid question. Of course I understand it now; it was a mere trick to distract my attention, and if the detective had not been close by me he would no doubt have snatched the diamond at that moment."

"He has followed it up!" exclaimed Roland. "I did not tell you, did I, a trifling—at least what at the time I thought a trifling—thing occurred as I got into the train at Westminster? I got into what I thought was an empty carriage, rather a stupid thing to do under the circumstances, now I come to think of it, and a surly, burly sort of scoundrel peered in, hesitated, and then went away. Well, the carriage was not empty, for I was no sooner in it than I saw a roughly-dressed fellow, who looked more like a third-class passenger, sitting opposite. He remained very quiet, but at the next station, St. James's, got out while I was reading the paper; but as he passed he said those identical words, 'Where is Jim?' I see. If it had not been for two or three men getting in there, he would have attempted to stifle me, or give me a blow on the head, for he had a bag of tools or something of the sort with him. He'd lost his opportunity, and so tried again. But how in fortune's name did he get in here?"

"He must have bribed some one," said Nora. "Now we must lose no time in setting the detective on the track, though I cannot think what he was about to let such a thing happen. He is not much good."

Her husband ruefully told her of Sir Meredith's suspicions.

"Oh, it is a plot!" she exclaimed, "those two are accomplices. Now I had better go home, and you and Sir Meredith Walton put your sapient heads together over this affair."

As this was clearly the best plan, he saw her safely off, and then sought Sir Meredith. The news that the great Orange diamond had been stolen had meanwhile spread abroad, and he was beset with questions and offers of assistance.

Nora could not think of going to bed, and although saying to herself that it was a foolish thing to do, considering all the circumstances, sat down to write a long letter to that wandering 'Jim' on the other side of the Atlantic.

Their relations had become genuinely fraternal since those ridiculous happy old days, and she left the cover open in order to put in the latest intelligence of the diamond and a kind message from Roland.

While waiting for the carriage, her husband had added one more touch to the strange tangle that had the Orange diamond for its central clew. That pained wistful query, "Where is Jim?" had struck the chord of an old memory in him also. His cousin Jim Larose had been his earliest, his favorite companion.

He and Jim had run evenly in the favor and affection of old Aunt Sabina, who had quarrelled about the spoilt ducks, her prize, pampered ducks. Jim had been idle and extravagant, spoiled as a boy, unable to learn that this world was not made expressly for his benefit; finally, after many wanderings, had been last heard of at Cape Town. After that a long silence.

Roland resolved that the very next day he would write kindly to poor old Aunt Sabina, and put on foot proper inquiries after the missing Jim.

Sir Meredith Walton was not a man to lose an important moment. Minutes count in such a case as this almost as they do in getting out a fire-engine. Royalty having checked the exit of Mr. Gadd, "the detective," he and Li Che arrived at the entrance door, at the same instant.

Mr. Gadd sauntered towards the wide open door, his crush hat in his hand, and threaded his way through the loungers that swarmed about it.

An orange-girl had edged so close that peering forward she could look well into the ante-room of that world of color and brilliancy, where the ladies were beautiful wax dolls, and the gentlemen's hair was parted so nicely.

The blazing light streamed into the open air and showed up the dark, round, bold face, and basket of bright oranges. Mr. Gadd addressed her in a tone half peremptory, half good-natured.

"Come," he said, "this is pretty impudent of you wriggling in here; now run away, my good girl."

She answered him saucily, and he casually took an orange in each hand, and played with them, while a brief fire of chaff was exchanged. Suddenly he grew tired of it, tossed back the oranges, and putting on his overcoat slipped out.

Li Che had seen his master in hat and overcoat close by. Not a glance passed between them; the Chinaman followed the detective, and once, in the deep shadows of Exhibition Road, turned his head to see if he was, as he expected, also on the track of Mr. Gadd, but Sir Meredith was nowhere to be seen.

That gentleman had followed, with his peculiarly swift, quiet stride, the very ordinary figure of the orange-girl, who was swinging along in businesslike fashion down the Cromwell Road. As he passed her, he was stooping to light his cigar.

His long arm, bent for this purpose, came in sudden contact with the girl's shoulder; she reeled, and spake out her wrath; he clutched at her and the basket, and stood a somewhat absurd spectacle with three or four of the oranges in his hands, his unlit cigar between his teeth.

"They were nearly all upset," he remarked calmly; "I must apologize for my awkwardness. Let me assist you."

He pocketed the fruit he held, and stooped with a swift long-armed movement to gather up those two or three that had rolled out. The girl stared wildly at him, and fell into a storm of abuse. He pulled half a crown out of his pocket, looked at it deliberately, while she was demanding her property back with every ugly word she could command.

The even tramp of a policeman became audible. In an instant the girl changed her tone, burst out crying, implored his honor not to rob a poor hard-working girl, declared that her whole basket was sold already, and that she dared not part with any of its contents. Tramp, tramp, came the heavy tread nearer and nearer. Suddenly the girl flung away her basket, the oranges ran in a golden shower across the pavement, and she shot off like an arrow.

Sir Meredith shouted like a stentor to the policeman, who started in pursuit, sounding his whistle the while.

"Has a telegram arrived for Sir Meredith Walton?" Colonel Cannock was anxiously asking at that moment.

"No, sir—oh, here it is," the missive from Mr. Martin was put into his hands, which shook a little as he tore it open.

"We employed no detective; am coming at once."

All that Colonel Cannock could do now, having telegraphed to the police centres already, was to await the arrival of Mr. Martin, who came as fast as a cab could convey him, sprang out looking very pale, and had his worst fears confirmed on the instant.

"This is ruin to me," he said shortly.

A little knot of young men, who wanted to turn into amateur detectives on the spot, had gathered round Cannock. They flattered themselves that, knowing all about stolen dogs, and being of special and extraordinary acumen, their aid would soon clear up the mystery. He was quite happy to oblige them by relating every circumstance he could recall connected with the missing jewel. He totally forgot one item, however: the little episode in the Underground train.

Left alone, surrounded by that golden shower, and confident of the girl being captured ere long, Sir Meredith emptied his pockets of the spoil he had dropped into them, and, almost as quickly selecting one of the oranges, threw down the rest to join their fellows.

That one he held was in outward seeming exactly like the rest, but "things" we have been informed, "are not always what they seem." This particular specimen had been cut in half with a sharp knife, the inside scooped out and stuffed with cotton-wool.

A wire pin kept it in its spherical shape. The pin came out without any difficulty, and Sir Meredith peered sharply into the bed of wool, then probed it with rather a hasty finger, emptied the skin, and drew a long breath.

The orange-girl had apparently overreached him after all; it was not the sort of thing to which he was accustomed, and probably he vowed a vow within himself, that he would yet be even with her, or him, or whosoever the present holder or holders of the great Orange diamond might be.

Repacking the improvised jewel-case that had, he made no doubt, served its purpose, he went back to the Exhibition. Here he found two or three genuine detectives and an inspector and Colonel Cannock, apparently enjoying the excitement, for his countenance only fell occasionally when he happened to glance at Mr. Martin, who was far from entering into the spirit of the thing with his own sporting instinct.

Before these assembled personages Sir Meredith briefly told his tale. He had not believed that that little incident between Mr. Gadd and the orange-girl had been accidental.

To a practised eye it appeared premeditated; therefore he had left Li Che to follow the pseudo-detective, and himself followed the basket of oranges, having noted the exact spot in which Gadd had dropped the fruit he had handled.

The sham orange had been no doubt in his pocket up to that moment. Finally Sir Meredith produced the empty skin and opened it, while every pair of eyes present was centred eagerly upon it.

"The diamond was in this when Gadd dropped it into the basket; the girl had it out and concealed somewhere about her within the next three minutes," he said decisively; then, looking at his watch, he observed that the policeman might be expected any moment with his prisoner—and the diamond.

He was not in the least boastful or overelated by this fresh proof of the sagacity for which he had gained renown in his professional services, but there was a glint of satisfaction in his fine eyes that broadened to a smile when Mr. Martin burst into congratulations and warm gratitude. He looked upon the diamond as once more his, as certainly as though he had it to handle at that instant.

Alas! it turned out to be a case of the proverbial chicken turning into an addled egg. The dishevelled figure of the roguish orange-girl was presently brought in between two policeman, and, after a full and systematic search, it was finally pronounced that there was no such thing as a diamond—"not so much as a glass bead there!" as the woman said whose business it was to make the investigation.

Blank dismay fell upon the party, who had been waiting in full expectation of hearing that the stone had been recovered. Poor Mr. Martin looked as though he were going to faint.

"Nevertheless," said Sir Meredith, fixing a piercing gaze upon the orange-lass, who was beginning to give herself airs of injured innocence, "I give this young woman in charge as having received the jewel, whatever she has since done with it," and he displayed the skin, filled with cotton-wool before her. She was crestfallen in a moment. He waved his hand, and she was conducted away.

"Come to my house when you have seen her safe," Sir Meredith said to the two policeman, giving his card with the order. "It is, as you see, in your quarter."

Just then there was a stir at the chief entrance, voices were raised, men ran to see what had happened now, and the Chinaman, Li Che, his pigtail flying behind him, his well-wadded blue silk coat nearly torn off his back by the injudicious zeal of those who wanted to stop his violent entry, sprang towards his master, gesticulating with vehemence, and uttering broken sentences in his own tongue, in a loud agitated voice. He was ghastly pale, his teeth chattered.

"A murder," said Sir Meredith to his friends; "the sham detective has been stabbed—that is what he has seen."

"This is a fresh departure for us," said the inspector, with his note-book in his hand. "Will you kindly get your servant to show us where this has happened, Sir Meredith?"

The ex-head of five hundred military police looked calm but slightly scornful at this superfluous request, and conveyed a short order to Li Che, obliging that model of eye-obedience to lead the way to the spot at once. The first panic over, he took the rest with his race's usual indifference to life and death.

He had tracked Mr. Gadd about a quarter of a mile, when he became aware that another man, whom he had noticed before, was also dogging his steps. The person was in rough, common attire, with a beard, and a hat pulled so low that little of his face could be seen. Li Che, however, declared that he should know his make and walk again without fail.

He got closer and closer to Gadd, who did not appear to give himself any anxiety as to whether he was, or was not, followed; and when they were shoulder to shoulder, suddenly lurched against him.

With one cry Gadd fell full length on the pavement; Li Che had seen the movement of the stranger's elbow, and knew that he had stabbed the other one.

The street was dark and empty, no one in sight but the three, Li Che himself slinking along in the shadow of the houses. The murderer stooped over his victim, and then Li Che turned and fled. He was sure the man was dead, because he did not move after he fell.

The inspector and his accompanying constable slipped cold eyes round upon the teller of this story, and Sir Meredith saw that they had made up their mind that it was a polite fiction from beginning to end. He, however, knew his native well enough to see that he was speaking the truth.

The body of the pseudo-detective lay as the Chinaman had described, and had evidently been rifled of all that was about him, but this, Sir Meredith was convinced, did not include the diamond. The inspector and constable were of the opposite opinion, in spite of the testimony of the carefully-prepared orange-peel box.

Before the usual hour for calling, Sir Meredith Walton was at the Cannocks' house in Cadogan Place next day.

He had put the policeman through a close cross-examination, and heard that the capture of the orange-girl was expedited by the accident of her tripping and falling on the pavement, where she broke into screaming and crying, that attracted the notice of a respectable woman passing at the moment, who ran to help her, but, upon the policeman coming up, said she was afraid she was a good-for-nothing girl, who was only making a noise to create compassion.

This person had produced a tract from a bag, and begged the men to see that the girl had it and read it, which had entertained them greatly; "But such innocent fools is everywhere," the speaker had ended resignedly.

"Of course I could not sleep all night," said poor Nora. "I had a presentiment that that would bring me ill-luck in some way—that dreadful diamond! and, to add to my troubles, my maid, who is as clever as she can be, had a violent fit of hysterics this morning, and now has given me warning—I'm sure I don't know why."

"Is she subject to such attacks?" asked Sir Meredith politely.

"I never knew her have one for the last two years she has been with me; but she says they are constitutional. I believe this was brought on by excitement, on hearing of the disappearance of the diamond. I told her that if anyone might be allowed to be ill on that account it was myself, and really and truly, my head aches so that I wish it did not belong to me."

"It would be an irreplaceable loss," observed Sir Meredith, with one of his courteous bows.

"Not at all, at this moment," replied Nora; "it is full of ache and emptiness."

He said: "I am going to make a curious request; I trust you will not think it an impertinent one. Will you be so good as to let me see the dress you wore last night, from which the diamond was cut or dragged?"

"Certainly," she answered, ringing the bell. "It was quite neatly done; my dress was scarcely injured at all."

Her maid, with a pale face and swollen red eyes, brought the gown into the room. For an Oriental, Sir Meredith was unusually affable to dependents. He spoke to the tired-looking woman in a way that ought to have flattered the keenest susceptibilities of a lady's-maid; but she only grew still paler, until, in compassion, Nora sent her away.

"A late ball tries both mistress and maid," said Sir Meredith blandly.

"In point of fact, I did not let Pershore sit up for me last night," observed Nora; "it was all that attack of hysterics over that wretched diamond."

Nothing of any importance transpired that day, or for many days after. The police fancied they were on the track of the murderer of Gadd, although suspicion in some manner still clung to the Chinaman, but no trace was found of the diamond.

Colonel Cannock forgot to write his conciliatory letter to Aunt Sabina for two days after these absorbing events, but on the third he remembered his resolution, sent off his letter, and called on his family lawyer to consult him as to taking steps for tracing Jim Larose.

"If you take my advice," said the lawyer, "you will run down and see Mrs. Wilmington at once. I was thinking of looking in upon you, as I know things have not been quite smooth lately between you and the old lady. The fact is, I was down at her place the day before yesterday to make her will; she fancied she was not very well, but I'm afraid it was this estrangement from which she was suffering—too exciting at her age. Now I wish you would go and make it up with her."

Colonel Cannock laughed. "I see; I am not mentioned in the will. Well, it is very friendly of you, and I own I don't care to see the Bilfilters drop into her money. If Jim Larose had been to the front, it would be another matter; I always felt he had first claim. It is about Jim I have come to-day."

Having resolved to pay Aunt Sabina a visit, Cannock put himself into an afternoon train and went down into Kent. He was received with the news that Mrs. Wilmington was seriously ill, confined to her bed.

"I am very sorry to hear it; please tell her so," he said, and was turning to go away, when the butler, who was a time-honored institution there, approached nearer and mysteriously murmured: "The house is full of Bilfilters, Colonel; just step into the library while I find out if Mrs. Wilmington will see you."

A little skilful domestic manœuvring—for the Colonel was first favorite in the establishment—brought a message that the old lady would see her nephew, and she received him with high dignity, propped up in bed, her small wrinkled face surrounded by a dense halo of stiff frills.

The interview was to be a short one. When it was drawing to a close she said, "Roland, I am an impetuous old fool; at my age I ought to know better. I made a ridiculous will two days ago. I left everything to James—if James is still living, which I doubt—or to his heirs, of which he has none; failing them to the Bilfilters, who are panting to see the breath out of me that they may rummage my money-bags. Be so good as to telegraph to Green to come down on Friday; I shall be better by that time and I shall make a new will. And give my love to Nora; tell her to come and see me next week. Now, good-bye, nephew. I am going to have my mess of broth, I believe."

Cannock went home with a lighter heart, and told his news to his wife. Those greedy Bilfilters, after all, were not to enjoy the fortune of poor Aunt Sabina; they both hoped the old lady would live many years yet to spend it herself.

The very next morning brought a telegram. The old lady was much worse; they both hurried down, and were there when she died. They were genuinely distressed, while the Bilfilters, who mustered in force, scarcely disguised their grimaces of joy. "Now, Nora, we are intruders," said Cannock sadly, and they went out of the house.

"Among Mrs. Wilmington's letters was a curious specimen of spelling and grammar, purporting to come from a certain John Price, from South Africa, giving a brief and vague intelligence of the death of Jim Larose, whom he had known at the diamond fields. "More, hereafter, from yours respectfully," had left much to be desired. The conclusion was that the letter was of very little value.

However, it was the last point of certainty with Mr. and Mrs. Bilfilter. "Cousin Jim was undoubtedly dead, always a good-for-nothing fellow," and in an ebullition of glee they entered into possession.

"Remember," said the warning voice of Mr. Green, "should Mr. Larose turn up, all arrears will have to be paid up."

"Roland," said Nora, "the Orange di-

mpnd has lost a fortune for us. If you had written the night of the ball, that last will of poor Aunt Sabina's would not have been made."

"Well, dear, I dare say we are as well without it," responded Colonel Cannock rather ruefully.

Six months passed by bringing no news of the lost jewel. A letter came, however, from Nora's "Jim" in Colorado, which afforded her intense pleasure. It was a perfect volume, but the pith of it was that Nora's letter had arrived when he was on the eve of committing himself to some fatal act of folly at which he darkly hinted, and it had proved the turning-point.

"You saved me and another," he wrote; "our old life in your dear old home rose up before me as vividly as though I was in the midst of it again. You, who have always remained my ideal woman, you have again proved my guardian angel. It had been so long since I had heard from you that I had despaired of ever seeing your handwriting again," &c., &c.

"After all," said Nora, "the Orange diamond has done one good deed to put against its sins."

One dark December evening at about seven o'clock, Sir Meredith Walton, followed by Li Che, was walking down one of the smaller streets opening out of the Fulham Road.

A projecting door made a shallow recess of deep shade. "Wait there," said Sir Meredith, and the Chinaman instantly drew up and became a still flat shadow within this space. His master crossed over and walked up the street, turned, walked down, turned again. Li Che remained blotted out in the doorway, and twenty minutes passed by.

Then a small door opened, and the broad-shouldered, slouching figure of a man emerged into the street. Li Che softly extracted himself, and followed the heavy steps of this individual.

Sir Meredith promptly crossed the road, rapped at the same door, and waited a few moments. Then the door was opened about an inch.

"What do you want now?" asked a woman's sharp voice; "I wish you would let me be. It wouldn't take much to make me call the police."

Sir Meredith insinuated the tip of his bamboo cane within the crack, and in the most engaging tones said: "Pardon me, Mrs. Pershore, but it is I, Sir Meredith Walton. I hope you will not give me in charge, but kindly let me in."

The door quivered; it was plainly the lady's first impulse to bang it, but the bamboo was there, and some other sentiment prevailed.

Flinging wide open the blistered door, Nora's ex-maid, Pershore, looking very far from trim and dignified as when she was in Mrs. Cannock's service, appeared.

She stared at her visitor with a blanched face of terror.

"Some one told you I was living here, I suppose, sir?" she said hoarsely, "my old name not being on the door-plate."

"Of course you married when you left Mrs. Cannock," he said cheerfully, "no doubt; but I happened to see you. May I come in?"

Without waiting to be pressed, he entered the narrow passage, and Pershore, shutting the door, followed him into a minute fusty parlor.

"I have gone into the millinery business," she observed. Her manner had become wavering, she looked round at her couple of 'dummies as though hoping to find support from their presence.

"Kindly sit down," suggested Sir Meredith; "I want a little talk with you. To come at once to the point, it is about the Orange diamond."

She gave an involuntary gasp and then fell into weak weeping.

"I thought, when first I set eyes on you, you was a terrible man, sir. What should I know about that ghostly brooch that lost me the best place I ever was in? Mrs. Cannock's figure a pleasure to fit, and very comfortable downstairs. Yes, it lost the place because I had spasms when I knew it was stolen, and Mrs. Cannock was so particular she wouldn't keep a maid subject to the hysterics."

"Besides, you knew all about that," said Sir Meredith, with his eyes going like a spiritual scalpel into the woman's brain.

A suppressed shriek was her only answer.

"Now," said he, "on my advice a reward is offered by Messrs. N——for the recovery of the diamond, through [illegible] who was not the actual thief. You were neither the thief nor the murderer ——"

"The murderer!" she cried. "You don't dare suppose——"

"No," he went on. "As I just said, you were not concerned in the murderer of Joshua Gadd; on the contrary, it upset your plans. Therefore, if you restore the diamond you will not only be let off punishment, but receive the reward. You are at present in a very unpleasant position, terrified, and possibly in danger from the persecutions of the man who has just left your house."

"That's where it is!" she suddenly exclaimed, taking her handkerchief from her eyes. "I shall be murdered one day as sure as I sit here, and to be protected as I have been, when the wretch was thinking of making an end of me, is almost as bad."

"You have not married that person, I presume?"

"Married poor Joshua's murderer!" The words of indignant protest were out before Pershore knew what she was going to say.

"Just so; but you were engaged or married to Joshua Gadd?"

"I don't know any person of the name."

The woman shrank back into caution.

"No, Gadd was not his real name, but no matter. It was you who were set to watch the orange-girl and take the jewel from her."

Sir Meredith did not remove his eyes from their steady hold upon the woman's fascinated gaze. He was feeling his way along a line that might break at any moment.

"It was you who pretended to be attracted by seeing her fall down in Cromwell Road, and she had passed the diamond on to you before the police came up."

He saw a transient gleam, as though, through her terror, Pershore piqued herself upon having played a clever trick. "Where is it now?" he asked suddenly.

Her nerves had been utterly shaken; she glanced at the ceiling in involuntary subjection to his will.

"Before you fetch it down," he went on with perfect calmness, though his eyes gleamed with inward exultation, "tell me how you managed to let Joshua know about it, to begin with."

"I ran round as soon as they sat down to dinner; he was lodging just handy, and he gave me directions while he was pretending to listen on the brooch. You may be sure, Sir Meredith, I never would have given my hand to it if it had been the property of Colonel and Mrs. Cannock, but those big diamonds——"

"Yes," he interrupted. "That will do; now go and fetch it."

Meekly she rose and left the room; he stood at the foot of the stairs listening to her movements. Presently she came back with a little blue peace bag in her hand, an ancient article of crochet work in the form of a jug.

He held out his hand, and slowly with a sigh relinquishing what she had kept at great cost, she put into it the Orange diamond. Opening the bag, he satisfied himself that the lost jewel lay glowing within it.

"Very good; now put on your bonnet and come with me. No harm shall happen to you."

"There's one thing I have not mentioned,' she said as they walked through the street side by side. "If it had not been for that I should have got away somehow, but if it and him was to follow me, what's the good? I said to myself. And in London I always lived and hoped to die. The first time was when I was just letting myself into the house with the diamond in that bag buttoned inside my dress front. The street was empty, for I had been very careful, when all of a moment a man was close beside me, and looking in my face very straight, he says, 'Where is Jim?' 'None of your impudence,' says I, but I was shaking all over. Sir, whenever that wicked Bill Thomas has come threatening me—he has followed the diamond all the way from Africa, if you please—there was that person again." She paused laying her hand on Walton's arm to emphasise her words. "And then I knew that it was no living man I saw——"

Sir Meredith thought she had gone mad, and tried a little soothing.

"It came and went, and asked 'Where is Jim?' pitiful-like. So this last time, up sprang Bill Thomas, and made as though he would strike it, and swore; but when he lifted his hand there it stayed, for the fright took him. But for that he would have murdered me half a dozen times before now."

Sir Meredith, who had resolved within him every minute clue to the mystery, recalled Nora's story of the common-looking man who had uttered those indentical words and was silent. Presently he said: "Too man followed the diamond from Africa. Very well; he knew its history then? Did he know who it was that appeared in this way?"

"He said that the man who found the diamond was a gentleman called Jim; that he was murdered for it by another diamond-washer, and that that fellow sold the diamond, but got killed himself by some one who thought he'd got it still—and that I do believe was Thomas himself—and I know that he would have killed Colonel Cannock for the sake of it, only there was a man sitting in the same car of the train with the Colonel, and it was the first time he had seen it."

Thus the great Orange diamond got restored to its lawful owners, and Sir Meredith Walton's reputation for singular sagacity was heightened into a species of superstition. The law dealt with Bill Thomas, and Mrs. Pershore retired to Melbourne.

Another three months passed by, and one day a strange couple of visitors called on the Cannocks just as they were finishing breakfast.

"As a certain person called Mr. Blifter refuses to be polite enough to read my instructions and receive Master Wilmington, I have taken the liberty of calling upon you, sir, as next to the old lady. Mr. Larose spoke of you."

With this address the speaker, an elderly man in a rough serge suit, peeled from the small figure beside him of the second visitor a blue cap and a red shawl, disclosing a very small, pale boy with a pleasant round face about the size of a small dodlin apple. The pair stood in the open door of the dining-room.

Colonel and Mrs. Cannock started up in surprise.

"What do you know of Mr. Larose?" the former asked.

"Knew him very well. He had a kind o' liking for me, though a rough chap by nature, and he a gentleman. Knew his wife, too, poor soul; she died four year agone. Master Wilmington don't remember her, as he was only one day old or so. Mr. Larose was stabbed, as I had the honor of writing home to the old lady, who is also dead and gone, as we all must be."

It was indeed true. The original finder of the great Orange diamond was no other Jim than poor James Larose.

The Blifter family, who had bought a big place and were just beginning to enjoy themselves, had to disgorge the whole of Aunt Sabina's property for the benefit of this round-faced mite of four years old, brought to England, like a valuable bale of goods, by Mr. John Price.

It was all the more embarrassing because their eldest son, just nineteen, had declined on the strength of his fortune to do any work whatsoever, and had married the daughter of a small photographer.

And with this the adventures of the Orange diamond come to an end. Its career had been, like that of a human soul, a strange mixture of good and evil.

The man who in a moment of great temptation had committed the unpremeditated crime of stabbing Jim Larose for the diamond, had been trusted and befriended by him for two or three years.

He had been his most attached comrade, and stood by him on many occasions when Jim needed a faithful ally. He also had been a born gentleman, but the drouthy fiend had got hold of him; he was drunk when the glow of that ten thousand pound lakelet of yellow light proved too much for him, and when he knew that he had killed his only friend, he went out in bitter despair, took the first offer he received for the hateful thing that had Jim's blood upon it, and speedily got his wretched life ended in a brawl at Ladysmith.

Could such a fire of remorse be shuffled off with the ill-used body? Through the dark wilds of the unknown land he sought in vain for the friend from whom his own deed had cut him off for ever.

He came back—perhaps he comes back still—to the holder of the accursed stone. If only he might be guided to his victim, to confess, to hear that his great crime was forgiven! He might as well have asked the passing wind, "Where is Jim?"

Curious Punctuation.—The following are specimens of curious punctuation:

A man who was suddenly taken sick "hastened home while every means for his restoration was resorted to. In spite of all his efforts, he died in the triumphs of the Christian religion."

"A man was killed by a railroad car running into Boston, supposed to be deaf."

A man writes: "We have decided to erect a school-house large enough to accommodate 500 scholars five stories high."

A steamboat captain, advertising an excursion, says: "Tickets, twenty-five cents, children half-price to be had at the office."

A hotel was thus advertised: "This hotel will be kept by the widow of the former landlord, Mr. Brown, who died last summer on a new and improved plan."

"Wanted—A saddle-horse for a lady weighing about 150 pounds."

An Iowa editor says: "We have received a basket of fine grapes from our friend W., for which he will please accept our compliments, some of which are nearly two inches in dia meter."

"Board may be had at No. 4 Pearl street for two gentlemen with gas."

Over a bridge at Athens, Ga., is the following: "Any person driving over this bridge at a pace faster than a walk, shall, if a white man, be fined five dollars, and if a negro, receive twenty-five lashes, half the penalty to be bestowed on the informer."

A newspaper contained this: "We have two schoolrooms sufficiently large to accommodate 300 pupils one above another."

Another newspaper, in describing the doings of a convention at Cleveland, said: "The procession was very fine, and nearly two miles long, as was also the prayer of Dr. Perry, the chaplain."

The Baby.—I wonder if all mothers know that baby likes to be turned over after he has slept for an hour or two on one side? asks a writer. When he stretches and wriggles, and finally perhaps cries out, try turning him on his other side, or almost on his back, and see if he does not relapse into another sound nap without further effort on your part.

Do not forget to turn the pillow over also sometimes. The 1 or 2-year-old who wakes in the night and sits up in bed, rubbing his little fists into his sleepy eyes, feels, perhaps, hot and uncomfortable.

Try turning the pillow. If he is like some children the writer knows of, he will wait for the sound of the turning pillow and then drop back on it into a renewed sleep. Remember also to keep a child's clothes smooth under him. Drawing down the rumpled night-clothes and smoothing the cover has much to do with quieting the restless tossings of the little sleeper.

Conversational Bores.—It might seem that the only two ends of conversation were to hear and to be heard; and, if neither of these was accomplished, it would be at an end.

Yet there are people who sacrifice them both. They certainly do not hear in any true sense of the word; they are far too much absorbed in their own voices to listen with attention to those of others. Neither, after a short time, are they heard. They become so wearisome that the listeners, one after another, retire as speedily as politeness will allow, and are careful to avoid being caught in the same net in future. Thus they must meet with repeated disappointments.

Good reasons must, of force, give way to better.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The very latest attack of jewelmania experienced among certain Englishmen of rank is the wearing of bracelets made of hair from the tip of an elephant tail. This portion of the elephantine narrative has under the demand assumed an almost priceless value. The circlets are exquisitely mounted in gold and silver.

In France it is proposed to have a law prohibiting the employment of boys and girls at night. Petitions for the passage of such a law are being signed all over the country. This is opposed by many of the working classes, who claim that it would diminish the family income so that some of them could not support their children.

Following in the wake of "progressive luncheons" and "progressive dinners" and "progressive card parties," it is said we are now to have "progressive conversation assemblages." A programme, arranged like a dance card is provided; the topics to be discussed are numbered upon it. Engagements are made previously and entered on the card, for the discussion of each topic, to which a stipulated number of minutes is allowed. At the tinkle of a bell, subject and partner are both changed.

One of the oldest engineering projects in the world is now gradually approaching completion, and the work will probably be finished during the present year. This is the canal through the Isthmus of Corinth, in Greece. Work was actually begun on the canal under the Emperor Nero, so that over seventeen hundred years will have passed between its beginning and its final completion. As finally excavated, the canal will be four miles long with a depth of eight metres, or sufficient for the largest vessels which usually navigate the adjacent [illegible].

A famous English novelist writes of "The Closing of the Doors," under which he refers to his own gradual loss of hearing—the closing of what Bunyan calls "Ear Gate." Under this not very promising topic, he gathers a good many interesting incidents connected with the loss of this sense. "A person with a soft, low voice (one of the gifts of the habitual borrower) asked 'to see me for half a minute on business.' And when, in answer to his appeal of $25 (as I thought), I buttoned up my coat and said, 'Not a penny,' he replied, 'Oh, thank you,' in loud and cheerful tones, and walked off. It was not until afterwards that I discovered that he came to pay me the $25, and that I had declined to accept it."

A French paper, in solving the question as to the number of Jews in the world, computes the total at 6 500 000. Of this number there are no fewer than 5 000 000 in Europe, the remainder being thus apportioned:—Asia, 300,000, Africa, 250 000, and America 250,000. Taking Europe the bulk of the Jewish element is in Russia, nearly 3 000 000, and of these a large portion (768 500) are in the old kingdom of Poland. Austria has 1,644 000 Jews, of whom 688,000 are in Galicia (Austrian Poland) alone. The other European countries come in the following order: Germany, 562,000, Roumania, 263 000; Turkey, 105 000, the Netherlands, 84,000; France, 65 000; and Italy, 40,000. The numbers in the Spanish Peninsula and in Great Britain are not given. The original home of the race, Palestine, can only show 25,000 Jews.

An improved head light for locomotives has an adjustment which allows the engineer to conveniently direct the light as he may desire, to various points off the line. The lantern is supported on a frame or platform, which has a movement to right or left about a vertical axis, and also up or down by the same means, the operating mechanism leading back to the cab, so as to be within the ready reach of the engineer. He is enabled, by this arrangement to examine dangerous or doubtful parts of the road, and in stormy weather to turn the light upon threatening trees or masses of earth or rock upon either side, which are liable to fall. The device also permits of the lantern being turned so as to throw the light across sharp corners and exhibit line of track at some distance ahead of the train and at points which would be entirely out of reach of the light in its usual fixed position.

As the United States has no system of registration of vital statistics, such as is relied upon by other civilized nations for the purpose of ascertaining the actual movement of population, our census affords the only opportunity of obtaining near an approximate estimate of the birth and death rates of much the larger part of the country, which is entirely unprovided with any satisfactory system of State and municipal registration. In view of this, the Census Office, during the month of May, this year, issued to the medical profession throughout the country "Physician's Registers" for the purpose of obtaining more accurate returns of deaths than it is possible for the enumerators to make. It is earnestly hoped that physicians in every part of the country will co-operate with the Census Office in this important work. The record should be kept from June 1, 1889, to May 31, 1890. Physicians not receiving Registers can obtain them by sending their names and addresses to the Census Office, and, with the Register, an official envelope which requires no stamp will be provided for their return to Washington.

Our Young Folks.

BUNNOO AND MUMMOO.

BY E. E. CUTHELL.

IT was hot—so hot that the air seemed to scorch the lungs and the face; so hot that the very crows in the mango-trees gasped, and were too hot to caw.

The only things that were quite wide awake were the crickets, who whirred ceaselessly in the sultry air.

It was nearly dusk, for the sun was setting, a huge ball of crimson in a saffron sky, and the carriage came round to take Freddy and his mother for a drive. Poor little white-faced Freddy, too tired with the horrible tropical heat to walk, or even to ride his pony.

"Where would you like to go, my son?" asked his mother, settling herself in the corner of the carriage with a fan.

"Oh, I don't know," replied Freddy listlessly, "unless it's to the monkey-grove. There's always some fun there."

And, indeed, the monkeys did not seem to feel the heat at all, in spite of their furry coats.

There they were at play, as usual, jumping, racing, swinging, and, I am sorry to say, fighting, among the long trailing branches of the peepul tree with its many stems, while waiting for their supper.

They had not long to wait, and Freddy was just in time. From out of a little mud-hovel beneath the tree came the guardian angel of the monkey-grove, a dirty, shaggy, bedaubed Hindoo hermit who devoted himself to looking after these sacred animals.

He blew a long blast on a cow-horn—a fearful din, but a welcome one to the inhabitants of the grove.

Didn't they race and jump, from near and far, from high and low, till a jabbering, grinning, quarrelling crowd surrounded the old man.

"Orrk! orrk! orrk!" squeaked the monkeys.

"Ho! Bundal Ho! Maharaj!" chuckled the old hermit to them, throwing handfuls of grain the while, and imagining he was propitiating one of the many Hindoo gods, and performing a religious act.

This was the first time that Freddy and Bunnoo and Mummoo met.

They did not know each other yet; that was too come later on. Freddy was in the carriage; Bunnoo, who even at that age had not a good temper, was busy quarrelling with a monkey as small as himself for a heap of grain, and Mummoo, too young to run alone, was being carried underneath her mother, her arms clasped around her mother's body, holding on for dear life.

Time passed.

The old hermit died, and the inhabitants of the monkey grove had to disperse.

Bunnoo and Mummoo, fast friends already, took up their abode in a little village of mud huts on the sun-baked plain close by. Their favorite place was the flat roof of Mohun's house, whence they could peer over into the street below and see all that was going on.

Sakina, Mohun's little daughter, soon became a great friend of theirs. They were not a bit shy with her, would eat a piece of dough-cake out of her hand, and sit and jabber close to her.

But when Mohun came up on to the roof in the cool of the evening, and brought his little wooden bedstead up to take a quiet nap after his day's work, that was quite a different affair.

Mohun didn't like the monkeys, and the monkeys didn't like Mohun.

Bunnoo was impudent and thievish. He would spring down on the basket which some passer-by below was carrying on his head, nip out a morsel of food, and be up again grinning on the roof before the theft was discovered.

He even stole a pat of butter with the leaf it was wrapped in, just as Mohun had put it down for a second, preparatory to buttering his dough-cake.

Nothing was safe from him. He found out the cupboard in the wall where Mohun kept the lentils and the rice, and would open the door and help himself when the master was away from home working in the field.

Mummoo was docile and gentle, nobody minded her, though, I must confess, that she shared with great relish in Bunnoo's plunder.

All the same, though, not a native in the village would have killed, or even beaten, Bunnoo to save his life.

He was a sacred animal among these poor ignorant Hindoos, and he was perfectly well aware that no one would punish him for his misdeeds.

But at last, one day Mohun and his neighbors rebelled, and hit on a plan to rid them of their enemy.

I am sorry to say Sakina was treacherous. She held out a nice piece of greasy dough-cake, such as Bunnoo could not resist. He jumped down unsuspectingly to seize it from her hand. At the same moment Mohun seized him from behind, and behold! he was a prisoner!

In vain poor gentle Mummoo wailed on the roof. They shut up Bunnoo in a basket and carried him away.

Away across the plain for miles, over a wide river, and then let him free in a grove of mangoes on the other side.

There was peace in Mohun's house, though not in Mummoo's mind, poor thing. In vain Sakina fed her with tid-bits and petted her. She waited for her lost friend, a plaintive little wail like that of a sick child.

But Mohun went out to work contentedly, leaving the cupboard door open, and the pat of butter in a corner on the clay floor.

But ere many days had passed he returned one day to find the cupboard bare, the butter not in its usual place.

"Orrk! orrk!" squeaked an impudent little voice from the roof, and there sat the returned convict, as bold as brass, licking his lips over the butter; and by his side, very close, sat Mummoo.

When they saw Mohun they gave a derisive leap over his head to the other side of the narrow street, and running along the roofs of the houses till they reached a tree, disappeared among its branches.

Now Bunnoo had quite made up his mind to be revenged on Mohun for transporting him.

One night Mohun's wife, when she went to bed, took off a silver necklace she wore round her neck, and which represented all the family plate, and laid it down on the floor.

Well would it have been for her if she could have seen Bunnoo's bright little face peering at her through the half-open curtain, with his head on one side, most interested.

The next morning the necklace was nowhere to be found. The neighbors were alarmed, the village watchman was summoned, who, as he was in the habit of sleeping soundly at his post, could give no clue to the thief.

The house was searched, and Mrs. Mohun scolded and lamented by turns. Overhead sat Bunnoo, a wicked look on his face.

"Orrk! orrk! orrk! way don't you ask me?" he squeaked.

But Mummoo had a gentle heart, and was not ungrateful to Sakina for all her kindness.

One day, when Bunnoo was not looking, she fished the necklace out of a hole under the eaves where he had hidden it, and brought it to the little girl with a soft purring sound.

Mohun was very angry, and declared that he would harbor Bunnoo again, and more securely this time. But something happened which put the monkeys quite out of his head. He had to go with Sakina into the city to sell some of his grain and to buy a few necessaries.

It was a long walk, and it was hot and steamy after the rain. Sakina's head ached as she walked under the scorching sun, staggering along behind her father, a heavy bundle on her head.

Before she reached the city she was burning with fever, and forced to lie down under a tree in the dust, while Mohun went on alone.

Freddy, playing in the verandah, saw the little figure lying by the roadside.

"Look, mother, at that poor little girl! I am sure she is ill; hear how she moans!"

Freddy's mother went out to see. She had Sakina carried into one of her own servants' houses, and gave her medicine and cooling drinks.

But the fever was very bad indeed; Sakina alternately shivered and burned; and when it left her, she was so weak that it was days ere she could get back to her home.

The gratitude of Mohun and his wife to the kind lady who had thus treated poor Sakina knew no bounds.

They were profuse in their thanks to Freddy too, for indeed he was the first person who had perceived Sakina's sad plight.

One day Freddy was driving with his parents through a native village at some distance, when three natives—a man, a woman and a little girl—rushed out and bowed to the ground, while two little brown monkeys hovered behind, much interested.

Freddy soon recognized Sakina and her parents. The carriage was stopped, and inquiries were made as to the former's health. Then Freddy perceived Bunnoo and Mummoo.

"What a dear little pair of monkeys! See how fond they are of Sakina! Oh! happy Sakina! How I should like to have two such pets!"

The consequence was that Mohun, glad at the same time to show his gratitude to Freddy and to rid himself of Bunnoo, offered the boy a present of the monkeys, which was accepted with delight.

Bunnoo and Mummoo were packed off in a basket to Freddy's home, and lived such a life of luxury as they had never dreamt of before.

The old hermit's bounty was nothing to it! Every day, after his meals, Freddy with his own hands prepared his pets' dinner—nice little tit-bits, the best of everything.

Bunnoo and Mummoo would sit one on each side of him, eyeing his proceedings with the deepest interest.

Then Kodar Bax, the table servant, would come in and carry off the two plates, and afterwards the monkeys would be fed in the verandah.

Now I am sorry to say that Kodar Bax did not love Bunnoo and Mummoo.

To begin with, he was a Mohammedan, and not a Hindoo, and monkeys had no sanctity in his eyes.

Secondly, he was greedy and was in the habit of stealing the best pieces off the plates and eating them himself. Bunnoo was not going to stand this.

One day as Kodar Bax, heaping himself as he went, reached his pantry at one end of the verandah, Bunnoo was there before him.

In a second he had armed himself with the plates and saucers which lay about, and—crash!—crash!—he flung them at Kodar Bax's head as fast as he could pelt!

The unfortunate servant had to make a run for it, and, moreover, had to pay for the broken plates, for he had no business to have left the pantry door, his mistress said. So Bunnoo was revenged.

But his wild career of liberty was almost at an end now.

Freddy was sent home to England, and of course his pets went with him.

But when he arrived Freddy was sent to school, and, as the schoolmaster said he had monkeys enough already, Bunnoo and Mummoo were despatched to the Zoo.

STARTLING THE CAPTAIN.

BY A. W. B.

ISN'T the sea just lovely to-day, mother, so calm and blue, and all over little tremblies? I should be just perfectly, perfectly happy if the captain weren't so awfully cross! I really do believe he must be a great bear, and can't talk. He only growls when I play near him, and never smiles or even looks at me. You told me, mother, that the captain would be kind to me, and give me sweeties."

"Yes, most captains I have seen have been very fond of the children on their ships, and have petted them a good deal. But you see, Rosie, Captain Howard is a very silent man, and perhaps little girls worry him."

"I don't mean to worry him, mother, and I'm sure I'm not rude. I do so wish he would be kind."

Rosie was coming back to England from India with her mother, and as she was the only child on board, and a very merry and bright one, everybody made a great fuss of her, except the big burly captain, who, though a capital sailor, was not an agreeable man, and seemed to be always morose and surly.

But nothing could really keep down Rosie's spirits. She was skipping and romping about the deck from morning to night, and was always getting into one scrape or other.

She would tumble down the hatchway, trip over a ringbolt, and whenever any painting was going on she would be sure to go and hug the newly-painted stanchions, or worse still, step into one of the huge paint-pots. Her ayah (Indian nurse), was especially horrified at the spoiling of the missie baba's (little miss's) pretty frocks.

This ayah was a very interesting-looking person. She wore a strip of soft muslin around her body and over her head, and was nearly covered with jewelry.

She had about a dozen earrings in each ear, and a large one through her nose, and wore rings on her toes as well as her fingers, and no end of bangles on her arms and ankles.

One morning Rosie had persuaded the chief officer to let her come upon the hurricane deck.

The steep climb and the strong breeze made her more lively than ever, and she poured out her high spirits in all sorts of pranks.

"There's another of those funny-looking chimneys!" cried she, running at one of the ventilators which are placed all over the deck to catch the air and bring it down to the cabins below. "If I only could climb up here I shall be taller than anybody in the whole ship. Oh, I shall nearly reach the masts and the blue sky!"

And, before the officer could prevent her, she had scrambled up the ventilator, and standing on the rim of the opening, waved her hands triumphantly, crying out—

"I am monarch of all I——"

But here the "monarch's" foot slipped, and, before she could finish her sentence, down she tumbled into the gaping mouth of the chimney-shaped ventilator, and disappeared from the dismayed officer's sight.

Now this ventilator led straight down into the captain's room, and great was his amazement when, in getting up from his chair, yawning and stretching himself, a little girl came bang into his arms from above, like a thunder-bolt.

So he instinctively clasped her to him to save her from falling farther, and she flung her arms right around his great sunburnt neck, sobbing out—

"Save me! save me! Please don't let me go!"

Very carefully and tenderly the huge rough man felt her tiny limbs to see that no bones were broken, and finding she was all right, laid her softly in his bunk.

His only idea of quieting a child was a dose of cakes and toffee, so he called to the steward to bring him some at once.

Rosie soon recovered from her fright; and after the captain had shown her the pretty things and curiosities of his room she led him on to talking of himself, and then he brought out a picture of his own little girl (just about Rosie's age) who had died when he was last home.

The captain looked so very sad when he spoke of his child that Rosie threw her arms around his neck again, and kissed him, and told him how very, very sorry she was for him.

For the rest of the voyage not a day passed without Rosie spending part of it in the captain's room; and somehow or other they always found plenty to talk to one another about, and seemed very happy and contented together.

A FAIRY YUM-YUM.—There is a pretty Japanese story about a bamboo gatherer who found in a bamboo blade a radiant elf-baby and kindly took it home to his wife, and because the wedded pair had been good to the foundling the gods made them rich and prosperous.

When the little one had been with them three months she grew suddenly into a tall, fair girl, and remained for twenty years the most beautiful girl in the kingdom, while five gallant Japanese lords were at her feet or running risks the world over at her command.

Even the Emperor was her suitor; but despite all this glory, and though she was extremely fond of her foster parents, she was nevertheless a moon maiden, and went back one glorious night in a splendid chariot to her shining home—whence you perceive that after all a fairy makes but a wayward sweetheart, and you had better be content with an earthly one.

HAPPINESS OF THE OLD.

The old are also notoriously strong in matters of judgment, even though their knees may be weak. What so pleasurable as to sit in the seat of the censor? Is a man ever too old for the bench? The longevity and the lustiness of our more considerable lawyers is a convincing testimony to the advantageousness of their position.

But every old man stands toward the community at large like a judge towards his criminals. Each year broadens his horizon, extends his pleasure and his pastime.

Methuselah was a man immensely to be envied. What varied lore, what an endless series of graduated pictures he must have stored within him, as the centuries passed and left him high and dry among his pigmy fellow-men!

Nothing is easier, it may be said, than to cast together the evils which commonly wait upon old age and thereby to prove that it is absurd to suppose that happiness can exist in the midst of them.

Of course nothing is easier than to catalogue these possible afflictions; but, on the other hand, I contend with my betters that happiness, contentment, or what you may please to call the "summum bonum" we all strive for, is quite independent of most of these afflictions.

The prudent person, when old, expects to be tried in this way. He is prepared, and that is half the battle. Nor must it be forgotten that even as his energies have waned with his increase of years, so also his body has changed into a condition well suited to bear physical trials which, in his youth, would have been insufferable.

As a stripling he grumbled without ceasing when a toothache or a sprained ankle kept him indoors; as an octogenarian the chair to which he is confined for a good many hours of the day is to him by far the most comfortable place in all the world; nor would he exchange it for the Pope's throne, if the throne were only to be won by a journey to Rome.

But to recur to the moral aspect of the matter. Is it not a fact that a good man's goodness increases as he grows older. There is nothing in the world more venerable or lovable than a good old man or woman.

Surely that is much, for are not respect and affection just the two things for which we fight hardest during the fighting part of our career? And they may be acquired by the aged without effort.

"It is only older people, after all, who are quite unselfish, and feel the greatest pleasure in witnessing the happiness of others." Miss Thackeray was very right when she wrote this.

It constitutes the keenest joy of reverend old age; a joy to which the wild intoxicants, which in youth we call pleasures, are as nothing at all. It is almost impossible, made as we are, for the young to be disinterestedly happy in the happiness of others. Envy and jealousy are ever on the alert to mar such a divine possibility.

But the old are doubly gladdened by the visible joy of others. They are generous enough to rejoice because others are profited.

And—this is not cynicism—they often also find cause to congratulate themselves that their own snug tranquility is not in peril of being disturbed by the boisterous agents of felicity.

It is for their peace and resignation that we most admire the old. They have attained Nirvana. The world's game, confessedly not an amusing one, is known to them. They are on the heights of Pisgah, whereas we are warring in the plain, or groaning in the valleys about the tedium of our days.

AN INCORRECT DIAGNOSIS.—A business man and financier of the first rank in Boston is so absent minded that he occasionally forgets to go to his dinner. His customary hour for this meal—when he remembers it—is two o'clock. The other day, quite absorbed in business, he worked steadily on until four o'clock, and then began to have a quite natural sense of emptiness and yearning in his stomach.

"Dear me," he said musingly, applying the flat of his hand to the waistcoat. "I wonder what I ate for dinner that disagrees with me!"

In France paper has been manufactured out of leaves, which are cut, pressed into blocks, and then steeped in lime water to reduce them to pulp. In Ireland the mallow, the hop vine, the yellow iris, and even the red clover, have furnished paper pulp, and in Scotland the stems of the hollyhock, peat, bracken, flags and rushes of several kinds. Seaweed and tan have also been used in Europe, and in the East ramie, pineapple fibre, bamboo stalks and the refuse of sugar cane.

MASTER BOBBY'S father is the happy owner of a hatching machine. The other day, as little Bob was watching a chicken energetically breaking its way through its shell, he remarked, "I see how he gets out; but how did he get in?"

TO MY PICTURE.

BY SUSIE M. BEST.

Shadow of me
How will it be
When the years of Time roll by?
Will the hand of care
Teach us despair,
Will we sigh a bitter sigh?

Shadow of me
How will it be
When love deserts us two?
Will we weep alone,
Or make no moan,
While it slowly fades from view?

Shadow of me
How will it be
When we stand on the shadowy shore?
Will the darksome flood
Chill our ardent blood
Ere it covers us evermore?

Shadow of me
How will it be
When Eternity's surges swell?
Will the heart of love
Crown us above—
With our soul will all be well?

CURIOSITIES OF SUICIDE.

Not many years ago, an English representative was urging upon an eastern Rajah the utter hopelessness of opposing a power like that of Britain.

"I know," replied the Rajah, "that your Government is powerful, but its commands are not obeyed as implicitly as mine are."

Then calling to two of his people he bade them climb a cocanut tree. The men obeyed, and awaited orders before descending.

"Let go your hands and feet," cried the monster. The men instantly obeyed and were dashed to death.

This power to command suicide may have been the outcome of the so-called religious dicipline that finds favor with the Brahmins of India, who, when old age or weakness creeps upon them, seek to enter paradise through the waters of the sacred Ganges.

Nor are the Hindoos the only people who practise suicide. The Japanese cultivate it as a fine art, and are taught from childhood to believe that they may secure future happiness by drowning themselves in sight of their relatives before their idols.

Unhappily, suicide is not confined to barbarians. It is not uncommon among civilized nations.

Animals as well as men commit suicide. Youth and age are no bar to this cowardice. A boy of seven and a man of ninety-seven are included in the list.

The number of suicides for every million of population is, in Paris, 403; Stockholm, 354; Copenhagen, 303; Vienna, 297; Brussels, 271; Dresden, 240; St. Petersburgh, 206; Florence, 180; Berlin, 170; New York, 144; Genoa, 135; London, 87; Rome, 74; Naples, 34.

A late Duke of Northumberland was, in 1810, suspected of the murder of a man named Sellis, who had made an attack upon him. On the left side of the body was found a razor, and the difficulty was to reconcile with suicide the fact that the wound was inflicted from right to left, and that the razor lay upon the left, and not, as in ordinary cases, on the right side. Suspicion cleared away when it became known that Sellis was a wood carver, and equally dexterous in the use of both hands.

The Prince of Conde lived in troublesome times, and when he died, in 1830, circumstances pointed to murder as the cause of death. He was found dead in bed; the body suspended from the window sash by means of a linen handkerchief. The toes of both feet rested on the ground; the knees were bent, and the heels were elevated. A chair stood at the bedside, and there were marks of abrasion on the lower limbs.

The position of the feet, the abrasions, the peculiar mark on the neck, and the knotting of the handkerchief were urged in favor of the theory of homicide.

Notwithstanding these suspicious facts, it was established beyond dispute that the prince had committed suicide, though many people believed for a long time that the body had been placed in that position in order to simulate suicide.

The truth is that the bodies of those who commit self destruction are rarely found in any other position than that which would at first sight create a suspicion of foul play. People have been found dead in a sitting posture and even kneeling by their bedside in a position from which they could easily have released themselves.

The theory built upon these observations is that suicides very rarely leap to their death, but put themselves in positions that gradually produce suffocation and finally death.

An analysis of 428 cases of suicide gives the following results as some of the causes:—Insanity, 83; sickness, 51; family trouble, 34; business trouble, 33; destitution, 28; love, 21; punishment and the dread of it, 10; chagrin at parental chastisement, 13 Of these 118 were bachelors, 108 husbands, 30 wives, 21 maids, 21 widowers, and 9 widows. The means adopted were:—Shooting, 155; poison, 95; hanging, 76; the knife, 27; drowning, 18; destruction on the railway, 4; sensational means, such as charcoal fumes and jumping from heights, 7

Records of suicide among animals are not always to be relied upon, though an observant student of this disease has given many cases that appear to be well authenticated.

A horse walked into the sea, deliberately lay down, was rescued, but repeated the attempt, and was drowned a few days later.

A St. Bernard dog, when beaten, jumped into the water and made no effort to swim.

A Newfoundland, because forbidden to accompany his master, committed suicide in shallow water.

There is record of even an attempt to murder by a retriever. This dog was docile with people, but shunned all other animals. Walking through the streets with her master, the retriever was persecuted by a large bull dog. She took no notice until they reached the water side. There, to the surprise of her master, she began to play with the dog. They gambolled together in the water until out of their depth, when the retriever seized the bull dog by the back of the neck and kept his head under water, until her master compelled her by blows to release the victim.

The inner history of many cases, though painful, is of psychologic interest, as showing how illusions may become hard facts to a disordered brain. A girl, aged eighteen years, who was found drowned in a water tank, furnishes an example in a letter which she had written to her mother.

"I had not been in bed," she wrote, "more than half an hour, when Satan paid me a visit, and told me that he had seen my young man with another young woman. I thought of the water, and the more I tried to keep away from it the more Satan tried to get me in. At last he said, 'If you jump in, I'll get Charley to bring you out.'"

One case more, and that amusing rather than tragic. A lady and gentleman, having determined to quit life together, repaired to the water side. The gentleman was about to take the fatal leap when his sense of politeness impelled him to turn to his companion, with the remark, "Ladies first." The lady, not to be outdone in politeness, signified her willingness to be second on this occasion. The gentleman insisted, and the lady insisted, and they are doubtless insisting to this day.

Grains of Gold.

He preaches well who lives well.

Value facts more than opinions.

Modest doubt is called the beacon of the wise.

Better have a good understanding at the outset.

Let us try to cultivate a generous spirit in all things.

Drunkenness is nothing else but a voluntary madness.

Consummate pleasure is not in the costly flavor but in yourself.

He that hath slight thoughts of sin never had great thoughts of God.

Let us succeed in what we have undertaken before we try anything more.

When any one has offended me, I try to raise my soul so high that the offence cannot reach it.

He who has no opinion of his own, but depends upon the opinion and taste of others is a slave.

No liberal man would impute a charge of unsteadiness to another for having changed his opinion.

It is pride which fills the world with so much harshness and severity. We are rigorous to offences as if we had never offended.

We must adapt ourselves to circumstances rather than fancy that we can to any considerable degree mould circumstances to suit us.

Femininities.

Some new gauze fans have frosted silver handles.

In a girl's room all roads lead to the looking-glass.

The "pigs in clover" glove buttoner is the newest frivolity.

A woman's directory is about to be published in Chicago.

Silver vinaigrettes of recent production are shaped as baseball bats.

To have good coffee your coffee pot must be bright and clean inside.

A Kansas bride received a barrel of salt as one of her wedding presents.

Queen Marguerite, of Italy, is one of the best violoncello players of the day.

To worship rightly is to love each other, each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

Numbered with the fanciful in shawl pins is a gold sword, the handle incrusted with small pearls.

Two hundred and seventy five ladies are clergymen in the United States and occupy pulpits as such.

Solid gold parasol handles have monograms in diamonds or rubies worked out artistically on the end.

The indications are that the tan-colored shoe and the tan-colored hose will both be much worn this season.

At the Troy polytechnic the students have a craze. They paper their ceilings with envelopes of letters from their best girls.

Jars concealed are half reconciled; which, if generally known, is a double task to stop the breach at home and men's mouths abroad.

Botanist: "This, Miss Harlem, is the tobacco plant." Miss Harlem: "How interesting! And when does it begin to bear cigarettes?"

Mealtime caller: "When do you dine?" Precocious little daughter: "We always have to wait till callers go. I'm getting awful hungry waiting."

A short time since a woman presented herself at the telegraph office in Bristol and requested to be telegraphed off, luggage and all, to New York.

If a woman would believe less of what a man tells her before marriage and more of what he tells her afterwards, the wedded state would be a much more harmonious affair.

In some provinces in Persia it is against the law to court a girl over four months before popping the question. The girls of America should appeal to the State Legislatures for relief.

Cabbage leaves deprived of their coarse nerves (ribs) makes an excellent dressing for wounds of various kinds and obstinate ulcers. Apply night and morning with a bandage over them.

To remove paint from windows, take strong bicarbonate of soda and dissolve it in hot water. Wash the glass, and in twenty minutes or half an hour rub thoroughly with a dry cloth.

Mrs. Passe, to her maid: "How is the weather to-day, Marie?" Maid: "Fresh and windy, madame." Mrs. Passe: "Very well; you will please put a healthy flush on my cheeks this morning; I am going out."

Boston lady: "Bridget, I wish you would refrain from using that coarse and vulgar word 'pantry'." Bridget: "Then what should I say, mum?" "Well, to redress ears, 'trousery' is not nearly so offensive."

Mistress: "Now, Jane, clear away the breakfast dishes and then look after the children. I'm going round the corner to have a dress fitted." Faithful servant. "Yes, mum. Will ye take the night key, or shall I set up for ye?"

A Boston parson who was brought up in a Maine country town says that any girl who could turn flapjacks with a toss and avoid landing the delicious cake in the fire was eligible for the best marriageable young men in the village in his day.

The shirt is now indispensable to the feminine wardrobe, being worn in silk, crepon de chine and various other materials with afternoon and visiting costumes. Pleated from the neck to the waist, it has taken the place of the vest or waistcoat, this being now relegated to tailor-made dresses.

Antigones, being near death, said to his daughters: "O my well-beloved child: work at turning the spindle, it is a sufficient heritage for the poor; and if one day thou art united to a husband, preserve the manners and virtues of the Grecian mothers. That is the richest dower for a woman."

"What a pity that one of your boys had not been a girl," said a caller to the mother of six boys. One of the boys, about 5 years of age, overheard this remark, and promptly interposed: "I'd like to knew who'd a bin 'er! I wouldn't a bin 'er; Ed wouldn't a bin 'er; Joe wouldn't a bin 'er; and I'd like to know who'd a bin 'er?"

A questionable success. Angelina: "And now that you have visited her school, Edwin, what is your decision regarding Mme. Francaise for our children? As to discipline, does she give that proper attention?" Edwin: "Indeed, she does, my dear. I was there the whole morning, and Madame seemed to devote the entire time to preserving order."

The reason the government authorities have dismissed the Baden female telegraphic operatives is on account of the delays in the transmission of messages. It seems that the lovely creatures always deferred the insignificant despatches concerning affairs of state until they had retailed to each other the society gossip and tit-bits of scandal of their respective towns.

A pretty fan was presented to a little girl, and she, wishing to show her new treasure, hung it on her finger and held it out at arm's length. A lady, on entering the parlor, was attracted by the peculiar attitude of the little girl, and finally said to her: "Isn't it very fatiguing to hold out your arm in that way so long?" Said little Elsie in answer, with a deep sigh: "Isn't it always fatiguing to be elegant?"

Masculinities.

When a man is "taken in" he is usually "put out."

It is a way of calling a man a fool when no heed is given to what he says.

The man who marries for face, figure or fortune is a fool. Don't forget this.

Hope is a leaf-joy which may be beaten out to a great extension, like gold.

A good constitution is like a money box—its full value is never known till it is broken.

No man can be provident of his time who is not prudent in the choice of his company.

An exchange has an article on "Women as Warriors." The editor has evidently been there.

"What is the sweetest thing in life?" asks an exchange. The first love letter from your sweetheart.

Female barbers are not having much success. Gentlemen will not go to them, because they dislike to be cut by a lady.

The man who is mean enough to cheat a slot machine with an iron washer cannot be trusted as a Sunday-school superintendent.

No man should be called rich as long as he has a debt to pay: for a ploughman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees.

The schoolboy counts the time till the return of the holidays: the minor longs to be of age: the lover is impatient till he is married.

Bobson: "Most women have a strange habit of talking to themselves. Does your wife do it?" Dumpsey: "Not when I'm around."

Among those who hasten to pay their respects when a prominent personage has a reception are men who never pay anything else voluntarily.

Imperfection is in some sort essential to all that we know of life. It is the sign of life in a mortal body, that is to say of a state of progress and change.

Doctor: "And now, as to the swelling on the back of your head, there is nothing serious about it at present, but you must keep your eye fixed on it.

Millicent: "Poor Harry! He is so melancholy. I am afraid there is something on his mind." Laura: "I wouldn't worry, dear. It cannot be much."

A vulgar man is captious and jealous; eager and impetuous about trifles. He suspects himself to be slighted, and thinks everything that is said meant at him.

A Port Allegheny, Pa., man who was tilted out of a sleeping car berth by a jolt of the train, exclaimed, in an unconscious way: "Don't—don't—I'll get up and start the fire."

The Maoris of Australia are great at oratory. On one occasion a traveler was being welcomed to a Maori town. "May your boots," said the orator of the day, "be lovely on the hills."

Tibetans slain in battle are honored by the people with offerings of sweet-scented flowers. The people salute their superiors by taking off their hats and thrusting out their tongues three times.

Wedlock defies augury; it is continually an exception to itself. One may blunder dreadfully in taking or not taking a wife; which is the fatal step each man must determine for himself, and for himself alone.

Charles Clendenning, the "oldest" resident of Allegheny county, this State, died not long since, aged 101. It is said that he never used whisky or tobacco in any form, and up to a few weeks before his death was remarkably healthy.

Ludwig Vonhinkelsteinhausenbloser, of Cincinnati, has probably the longest name in the United States, but he doesn't seem to mind the infliction at all. On the contrary he is proud of it, and scornfully refuses to change it.

Ethel: "Do you think he loves you, Nellie?" Nellie: "Oh, I'm certain of it. Why, he wants to marry me so much that he has borrowed money of papa for us to get married on—a thing his proud, sensitive soul could not brook if he did not love me."

Cleobulus, being asked why he sought not to be advanced to honor and preferment, made this reply: "O friend, as long as I study and practice humility, I know where I am; but when I shall hunt after dignities and promotion, I am afraid I shall lose myself!"

In Denmark the police are trying an experiment of some originality to suppress drunkenness. A man found drunk is carried to his own residence, and the keeper of the saloon where he bought his last glass is obliged to pay the expenses of the ride, which come high.

A gentleman who, under the scissors, said something about his thinning locks being caused by the development of his brains, was thus corrected by the barber: "Excuse me, sir, but you are laboring under a mistake. The brains permeate the skull and encourage the growth of the hair—that's what they're for, sir."

"Will you let me take the wrinkles out of your stomach?" This was what a sleek, thickset person said to a tall, well-fed person in New York just before the dinner hour the other evening. The man nodded, and they jogged along together. The odd interrogatory was No. 1's way of asking No. 2 to dine with him.

One of the poorest parishioners of a Pittsburg pastor proudly called his attention to the $7.50 lace curtains in his window which he had nearly paid for. In the window thus draped several panes of glass were broken, and to catch the rain which blew in a series of pots and pans were ranged along the sill.

Mr. Banks: "Come into this drug store, Harriet, and let's have a glass of soda water." Mrs. B.: "I will if you'll promise not to wink. I know what that means, you know." "All right, I promise." Mrs. B., after leaving the drug store. "What was that spiritus frumenti that you had, George?" "Spiritus frumenti? That's the Latin for raspberry and cream."

Recent Book Issues.

"The Prairie Flower: or, Adventures in the Far West," by Emerson Bennet, author of "Leni-Leoti," just published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, is one of their new Twenty-five Cent Series of novels.

"A Doctor's Don'ts," by F. C. Valentine, M. D., contains some six hundred excellent hints on health matters that have the double advantage of being easily understood and easily applied by all. Published by Dillingham, New York, and for sale by Porter & Coates. Price 25 cents.

A very neatly gotten-up and exceedingly useful little book is "Blunders in Educated Circles Corrected," by T. R. Bowden. It points out a number of mistakes in language, quotation, pronunciation, etc., which are so rooted in custom, that both the learned and unlearned are constantly making them. Bound in blue, with silver-embossed title. Published by G. W. Dillingham, New York, and for sale by Porter & Coates.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

Messrs Baily, Banks & Biddle, publishers of *The Connoisseur*, in the current week have several excellent photographic reproductions and a number of good wood cuts illustrating papers on artistic subjects.

We have recieved Volume XXXIV of *The Popular Science Monthly* containing the issues from Nov. '88, to April '89 It is needless to speak of the great value of this publication either to the professed scientist or general readers. It embraces in its pages the latest discoveries of the leading investigators of the world in all branches of science put in a compact and popularly comprehensive form. Appleton & Co., New York, Publishers. For sale by Lippincott.

The June number of the *Magazine of American History* completes the twenty-first volume. It opens with a readable sketch, "The Historic Capital of Iowa," by Mrs. E. E. Dye of Iowa City. A prominent contribution is "The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts," by C. E. S. Ramy, M. A. Other valuable papers are "Georgia and the Constitution," T. K. Oglesby; "The Last Twelve Days of Andre," Hon. J. C. Dykman; "A Boston Writing School before the Revolution," W. C. Bates. "The Evolution of the Constitution," by C. Oscar Beasley, contains much valuable information. The minor contributions form a welcome addition to historical knowledge. The numoer is very handsomely illustrated. Published at 743 Broadway, New York.

St. Nicholas for June opens its long succession of bright and attractive things with a delightful description of a visit by the artist, George Wharton Edwards, to Antwerp Cathedral, entitled "How I Saw 'Old Carolus,'" with his sketches for illustrations. Tudor Jenks tells a curious story about "Teddy and the Wolf." Arlo Bates and Eleanor Putman tell of "The Awful Things that Tilly Ann Did." The pictures help to impress the story. Benjamin Webster tells an interesting legends of Big-storia, entitled "The Goblin Storm." "Climbing the Pierced Rock" off the coast of Quebec, describes the daring first ascent of the great isolated cliff Perce. David Ker tells a thrilling experience of Stanley, almost as related by the great explorer. Lovers of unforced humor will be delighted with the episode in the life of the children's dog—"Bingo was his Name"—as told by Annie Howard Frechette. There are other charming stories, several articles devoted to science for the young readers, poems by favorite writers, departments overflowing with attractions, and pictures innumerable. The Century Co., N. Y.

In the June *Century* Mr. Kennan begins his account of the most important investigations made by him into the Exile System viz, his visit to the Convict Mines of Kara. The article is profusely illustrated. The frontispiece of the number is a portrait of the famous French artist, Corot. The article is by Mrs. Van Rensselaer, and is illustrated with a number of reproductions of Corot's paintings, engraved by Eldridge Kingsley. An article on "The Bloodhound," is by an English writer, illustrated by an English artist. Mr. DeKay continues his Irish paper with a curiously illustrated article on "Early Heroes of Ireland." "Certain Forms of Woman's Work for Woman," is by Mrs. Helen Campbell. "An American Amateur Astronomer" is an illustrated sketch of the career of Mrs. Burnham, formerly of Chicago. In the Life of Lincoln several interesting chapters on important political events are published. The Old Master written about and illustrated by Stillman and Cole in this number is Spinello Aretino. Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote's serial story, "The Last Assembly Ball," is concluded. "The Relations of the United States and Canada" are presented by Charles H. Lynn. There are several other papers, a number of poems, and the usual well-filled and readable departments.

"My dear friend, I am in despair. Alma's heart is as hard as steel," "Suppose you try it with diamonds; they are harder than steel, you know."

EXPOSURE IN THE JUNGLE, lately brought on a Severe Cold, which quite destroyed my voice for a few days, and then settled into a hard Cough. Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, which I procured as soon as possible gave me immediate relief, and soon removed the distressing symptoms.—ROSA ADAMS BAILEY, Missionary, Rangoon, Burmah.

AN ANIMAL CHARMER.

Much attention of late years has been given to the exhibitions of trained animals, and it is usually supposed, perhaps, from the gorgeous style of modern advertisements that this century has seen the highest development of animal training.

Those who are fond of studying the byways of biography think differently, and in this little sketch we propose to introduce the readers, who have not heard of him, to an animal trainer whose performances have never been surpassed, and seldom equalled.

If we consider how the legend of Orpheus recounts his musical achievements in making the most unlikely creatures dance, then the hero of this paper may not unfairly be termed the eighteenth-century Orpheus.

Our hero is Bisset, whose history has an element of homely tragedy in it, arising from the pursuits which made his name famous.

Bisset was born in Scotland. He began his life as a shoemaker, which many distinguished men have done, and achieved success in his business. Settling in London—a vast journey in those days—he made a fortunate marriage, and, with his wife's money, became a broker in lieu of a bootmaker.

It was in 1749 that he first had a vague notion of training animals to perform, and he first tried his skill with a horse and dog, in which he so well succeeded that thenceforth his life was devoted to the pursuit for which he certainly had a genius, and in which no modern "professors," with all the gigantic advertising facilities of our day, have surpassed, if any have equalled him.

For Bisset, whose unwearied patience was one of the most extraordinary things about him, showed his faculty for training some of the unlikeliest creatures to recognise the strains of music, and, Orpheus-like, set the most clumsy creatures dancing.

His first great success in this way created a furore. He taught three young cats to play their respective and different parts in a cats' opera, and the fashionable world of London crowded to the Haymarket, where the exhibition was given.

The cats, under their trainer, hit the various notes on a dulcimer, with their paws, having music-books before them, and squalled simultaneously, but in different keys, first, second, and third, as the accompaniment.

So great was the success which Bisset thus achieved that he realized $5,000 by the exhibition.

Fired with ambition, he attempted new achievements, which were unparalleled. If cats could sing, why could not turkeys dance?

Accordingly, after considerable training, London, saw six fine birds, which had hitherto only famed in a gustatory sense, "taking the floor," as the phrase goes, and to the merry tilt of the music, going through all the figures of a country dance.

It may be easily supposed that so great a triumph brought its possessor as much fame as did the cats' opera.

He now resolved to show what he could do with one of the lower order of creatures and executed perhaps his most noteworthy scheme with complete success.

By assiduous training for six months, he induced a turtle to fetch and carry like a retriever, and to trace on a chalked floor, with claws respectively blackened, any given name in the company.

He got a hare into such musical training that it beat marches with its hind legs on a drum; and his canaries, linnets and sparrows would spell names, tell the exact time, and perform many extraordinary tricks.

Bisset's fame chiefly rests on his pig, however, who may be said to have been first among the many learned pigs which have since flourished, and, indeed, is tragically connected with its owner's death. He bought this "little black pig" for less than one dollar, and after eighteen months' patient perseverance turned it out a prodigy.

In Dublin it drew all the rank and fashion of the city to its performances. It spelt names, cast up accounts, pointed out words thought of by those present, thus anticipating the thought-readers of to-day, told exact time, or married or unmarried, knelt, bowed to the company, and did many other extraordinary things.

However, some officer of brutal disposition rushed in one evening, threatened Bisset with imprisonment, smashed the properties, tried to run the pig through with his sword, and forbade the performances, why is is impossible to say, unless he believed it a sample of the black art.

But the catastrophe so affected poor Bisset's mind that it ended in fever, and he died at Chester. What became of the pig we know not.

CHINESE LAUNDRYMEN.—There are no laundrymen in China. No linen is worn there. The rich use silk and woollen under-garments, and the poor wear woollen or cotton. As starching and ironing are unknown, the female servants do all the laundry-work. The reason of the great number of laundrymen in San Francisco is that, when the Union Pacific Railroad threw hundreds of Chinamen out of employment, they cast about for something to do, and, as there was a great demand for washerwomen and a scant supply of them in the west, the Mongolian turned his attention to the trade. He learned it so quickly and so well that he stuck to it, and made so much money that the calling soon became popular.

QUEER AIDS TO MEMORY.

There are, probably, nine out of every ten persons in the world, who have at some period of their lives suffered from temporary loss of memory.

How many of us labor vainly at times to recall the name, for instance of a certain person, place or thing!

This lapse of memory is peculiar to no one condition in life. The greatest and the humblest are alike subject to it.

It is in these cases—where the brain does duty as a library and a storehouse for statistics, and is crammed with the minutest details of many and great undertakings—that the memory most often fails, and usually when the demand upon it is a more than ordinarily simple one.

Here is a case in point:—

A certain gentleman, whose inventions have been praised in all civilized parts of the world, cannot, if suddenly asked to do so, tell you his wife's Christian name.

He has, again and again and again, when wishing to address her, been secretly annoyed by his inability to remember her name, and yet there are few husbands who think more of their wives than he does of his.

Not long ago, the lady presented him with a handsome gold watch, and the timepiece has since proved a great comfort to him, not because of its intrinsic worth and beauty, but for another peculiar reason.

He accidentally discovered, at a time when he wanted to call his wife and his memory tricked him, that by simply looking at the watch she had given to him he could pronounce her name glibly and without difficulty.

During a recent visit to him, the writer observed that when speaking directly to the lady he invariably produced this watch.

He commented upon the oddity of the action, and the gentleman told him his reason for it, jocosely adding that it would never do to make the story public, as it might occasion an alarming increase in the number of absent-minded husbands.

Another of these by no means rare instances of inanimate objects acting as subtle but unaccountable guides for the memory came under our observation some years ago.

It was during the progress of a murder trial, and there were several counsel on the side of the prosecution, while the defence had retained but one, a Mr. Baker. The latter had already won an enviable reputation as a criminal lawyer, but in this instance it was generally thought that he was overmatched by the array of counsel on the other side.

The writer was ordered to report the proceedings, and sat at the same table with the counsel in the case.

Throughout the trial, during the opening addresses, the examination of witnesses, and the summing up, Baker never took a note; but it was observed that every now and then, during the proceedings, he folded or otherwise marked, the pages of a book which lay before him on the table.

When he closed the case for the defence, Baker went over the arguments of the prosecution, quoted some parts of them literally, and actually knocked their combined logic into "a cocked hat."

The evidence was purely circumstantial, but strong, and while going over it, and the addresses of the opposing counsel, Mr. Baker kept his hand on the book he had marked, though never once did he raise the volume from the table.

But he did turn the pages, and smooth out one after another as he raised, point after point, the creases he had made in the leaves.

"What a wonderful memory that man has!" whispered someone.

We agreed with him. The prisoner was acquitted.

After the trial we went up to Mr. Baker, and asked him how he had managed to quote so extensively from the arguments and the evidence without taking notes.

"But I did take notes," said he. "Here they are."

And he opened what one had supposed was a tome of legal lore, but which in reality proved to be "Shakespeare," and showed us the creased pages.

"As things cropped out that seemed to me weak or inconsistent in the evidence or arguments," said he, "I turned down a page for each, in the order of its recurrence. When the time came to show them up, I simply placed my hand on each page in rotation, and the inconsistency or error which each was marked for stood out as clear to my mind's eye as though written in chalk on a black board before me. I can't explain how or why it is, but it all comes back to me as soon my hand touches the pages I mark. I never write out my notes."

"Wouldn't your memory prove as retentive," we asked, "without marking the pages of a book in no way connected with the case?"

"No; I have tried it and failed miserably. I can't explain the sympathy that exists between the marked page and my mind. I only know, without being able to account for it, that it is to me what the opening of a book at a marked page, and reading from it, would be to another person."

From these facts we are led to believe that the brain works something on the order of the phonograph, and that each occurrence it records may be reproduced by chance or premeditated contact with any object with which we may have associated it at the time of record.

POETS AND KISSING.—The Greek author proposes to dip his pen in honey, rosebuds, violets, and all vernal blossoms, to write on the subject of kissing.

Another—a poet, of course—declared that no pen could do justice to this delightful business which had not been dipped in a kiss itself.

But, would it not be a more sensible thing to dip the poet's lips in a kiss, rather than his pen, before setting him to the task of defining a kiss?

Favorinus says of kissing: "What else do they do who join their lips together but mingle souls?" And so Aristaenetus calls a kiss "The sweet mixture of souls."

The following is a literal translation of a Greek epigram: "A certain maiden kissed me one evening with moist lips; the kiss was nectar, for her mouth emitted the odor of nectar. Now I am drunk with a kiss, having imbibed much love."

This beautiful idea of the soul's lovers passing from lip to lip through a kiss was a great favorite with the Greek poets.

Bion has used it with a charming effect in his matchless epitaph on Adonis, where he alludes to the happy superstition that the soul of the dying may pass into the heart of the living lover through a kiss.

Anacreon has a fine verse on this subject, in which he describes himself as having dreamed that he was pursuing a beautiful damsel for a kiss, and unhappily awaked a moment to soon.

The author of the following appears to have devoted time to the origin and probable duration of kissing:

When we dwell on the lips of the lass we adore
Not a pleasure in nature is wanting;
May his soul be in heaven—he deserved it I'm sure—
Who was first the inventor of kissing.

Master Adam, we verily think, was the man whose discovery will ne'er be surpassed. Well, since the sweet game with creation began, to the end of the world may it last.

If we may add one thought of our own on the subject, or rather one feeling or intuition, we will express our belief that there has been a great advance in the art since its original practice.

Lord Byron stands at the apex, and must be regarded as the greatest and most profuse genius amongst kissers.

The very breathing of some of his "Hours of Idleness" is of the intenseness of one long-drawn kiss, and to whisper between one's lips the thoughts which burn through each stanza of his "The First Kiss of Love" is to feel the overwhelming power.

But the more refined kiss, and that capable of the highest joy, is portrayed in Burns.

We believe, too, that as we advance in the higher elements of love, the kiss is tinctured with the divine. The more beauty, the more devotion, the more spirituality we place in our hearts, the greater and higher will be the bliss of this manner of its expression.

WHERE MONEY IS USELESS.—It is Pitcairn, an island in the South Pacific. It has an area of less than three miles, and was settled about a century ago by the historic mutiny on board the English ship Bounty. There were seven mutineers, and they were accompanied to Pitcairn by six other men and 12 women, natives of the Island of Tahiti.

The population of the place is very small, but the people are contented and happy, according to Captain Bunn, of the British bark Miksdo, who called there on his last trip from the East Indies.

The captain in an interview with a reporter, says: I stopped three hours outside of the only accessible harbor. So overjoyed were the people at the sight of the vessel that they proclaimed a day of thanksgiving.

The occasion was seized to send greetings to distant friends who lived in Tahiti. When I approached the island two boats came off and hailed me. Chief McCoy was in the first, and the second contained others of the nobility of the place.

We were invited to stop for some time. The Chief, as an expression of his pleasure at seeing us, loaded our bark with pumpkins, melons and fruits.

The inhabitants came aboard and talked freely of their life. When we left they gave us three rousing rounds of cheers. Sickness is almost unknown. There is no crime on the island. The people do not drink or use tobacco. Their standard of morality is very high.

They have a church and an organ which they value very highly, because it was sent to them by Queen Victoria. They are quite intelligent, and all children are compelled to attend school, where English is taught. In manners, customs and social laws they are like the English.

Everything they have is possessed in common. They eat vegetables and the bread-tree fruit. They have no money whatever. I wanted to pay them for what they gave me, but Chief McCoy said they had no use for money.

I THINK the first virtue is to restrain the tongue; he approaches nearest to the gods who knows how to be silent, even though he is in the right.

"No man," says Lord Bacon, "will be deficient in respect towards others who knows the value of respect to himself."

IF we did not take pains, and were not at much expense to corrupt our nature, our nature would never corrupt us.

Humorous.

THE NEW CUPID.

"Whither thou goest will I go?"
  Is not the mode of later fashion:
Where marriage is for worldly show,
  With more of prudence than of passion.
Now, "Where thy mother liveth liveth I—
  Subjected to her rule and forcing—
Must dwell, and never question why,
  Lest there be question of divorcing."

Love goeth, but not as before,
  With arrows slung upon his shoulder;
Love born in Wall street knoweth more,
  A Cupid still, but sager—older.
"I'll love you, if your style's the thing:
  Your gage d'amour the diamond's glitter.
Pin money—thousands every spring—
  Or, matrimony will be better."

Time was when husband, wife were wed,
  When each by each had been well chosen,
With summer's halo round each head,
  Not withered chaplets, culled when frozen.
Time was when eyes looked into eyes
  With glances sweet—Hymettus honey—
When straight to Eden Hymen flies,
  Not to that sordid kingdom—money.

What, where, whence cometh dual bliss
  To strangers yoked and driven—barried:
Whose lips ne'er met in passion's kiss,
  Who are for worldly reasons—married?
One day of olden wedded joy
  Is worth ten thousand unbelieving.
Our later Cupid—tricky boy—
  Is guilty oft of foul deceiving.

A glaring fraud—A glass eye.

A milk shake—Weaning the baby.

No! Posts are not sold at postoffices.

The belle should wear her hair in ringlets.

Room for argument—The family sitting-room.

The mathematician ought to be an acute angler.

A swallow may not make a summer, but a frog makes a spring.

The coal dealer sometimes, by mistake, gives the cart driver a weigh.

Why is a spendthrift's purse like a thunder-cloud?—Because it keeps continually lightening.

Old gentleman, watching crowd round omnibus: "What a bustle!" Stout old lady: "'Old your tongue, impernence!"

The man with the jim-jams has one advantage over the rest of us. He doesn't have to waste any money to go to the Zoo.

She: "Do you love me still?" He: "Yes, dear." And then she thought, and he thought, and she wondered if he saw it, and he wondered if she saw it.

Miss Charity: "Is your husband addicted to the use of alcoholic stimulants?" Recipient of alms: "No, indade, mum, not he; his only failin' is drinkin'."

Visitor at Kindergarten school: "Children, your teacher has asked me to say a few words to you. How shall I begin?" Pupil on the back seat: "Just as they all do—'When I was a boy.'"

Obliging porter, just as passenger has dozed off: "Ain't you de Albany gent what wanted to be woked up at 5 o'clock?" Mr. Blicer: "Yes." Obliging porter: "Well, it wants 10 minutes ob 2, sah."

Smith: "Robinson told me that his wife had been run over by a coach and seriously injured." Jones: "You can't believe what Robinson says; he's such a braggart. I'll bet it was only a delivery wagon."

"Thirteen Ways of Popping the Question" can now be purchased at the book stores for 10 cents, and yet no way can beat the good old way of a sneeze, a kiss, two sighs, and asking Hannah if she'll be ready by the Fourth of July.

Sunday-school teacher: "Now, you have named all but two of the persons who went into the ark. Can you tell who they were, Johnny?" Johnny: "Hain." "That's right. Who was the last one? Horace, your hand is up: you may answer." "Eggs!"

Pleasant alternative. The dentist's daughter, who hears her father approaching: "Oh dear, Edward, here comes my father. If he should find us together here we are lost. Oh, he is coming! You will have either to ask for my hand or—let him pull out a tooth for you."

Alfred, rapturously: "Now, darling, please name the happy day." Minnie, blushingly: "Three weeks from Thursday, Alfred." Norah, through the key-hole: "Av you plase, miss, that's me reg'lar day out. Yer'll have to get married in the early part of the wake."

Mistress: "That young man who called to see you last night, Jane, stayed very late." Jane: "It was me brother, mum." Mistress: "But, Jane, I have noticed more than a dozen different men in your company within the past two years, and each one, you said, was your brother." Jane: "Yes, mum; poor folks allers have large families, mum."

An auctioneer was selling a lot of land for agricultural purposes. "Gentlemen," said he, "this is the most delightful land. It is the easiest land to cultivate in the country—it's so light—so very light. Mr. Parker here will corroborate my statement. He owns the next patch and will tell you how easily it is worked." "Yes, gentlemen," said Mr. Parker, "it is very easy to work, but it is a great deal easier to gather the crops."

"The best thing yet?" This is the way a young man put it who made arrangements to work for B. F. Johnson & Co., of Richmond, Va. You can get further information by dropping them a card.

How to Preserve Pianos.—It is remarkable how very oddly people proceed about taking care of their pianos. It is a popular notion that pianos ought to be kept very dry.

Nothing, says a good authority, could be more fallacious. Pianos are not nearly affected so much by heat or cold as they are by dryness, but, reversely, also by dampness. It is not generally known that the sounding-board—the life of a piano—is forced into the case when it is made, so tightly that it bulges up in the centre, or has a "belly," as it is called by pianoforte-makers, on the same principle as a violin. The wood is supposed to be as dry as possible; but of course it contains some moisture, and gathers more on damp days and in handling.

Now, when a piano is put into an overheated or dry room, all the moisture is dried out, and the board loses its "belly" and get flabby, and finally cracks. Even if it does not crack, the tone loses its resonance and grows thin and tinny, the felt cloth and leather used in the action dry up, and the whole machine rattles. Now how to prevent this? Nothing is easier. Keep a growing plant in your room, and so long as your plant thrives your piano ought, or else there is something wrong with it.

It should be noted how much more water will have to be poured into the flower-pot in the room where the piano is than in any other room.

In England it is the practice to have a large vase or urn with a sopping-wet sponge in it near or under the piano and keep it moistened. This is attended to all the time the fires are on.

Gaming in Java.—Games of hazard have long been a mania among the Japanese. Most of the games are importations from China or Portugal, the only only one of national fame being a manipulation of beans by palmistry.

The most favorite sport, however, is cock fighting, the breed in highest estimation being the produce of the Celebes. The people of Java, be it said to their credit, never arm their fighting cocks with spurs.

Quail fighting is another popular sport, and it is a little curious that female birds are used in these bitter but bloodless combats, the male being small and timid.

Javanese will not hesitate to bet sums of money on two crickets excited to battle by the titillation of a blade of grass judiciously applied to their noses.

At other times two paper kites decide the fortune of games, the object of each in this contest being to cut the string of his adversary. On a favorable day fifty or sixty kites raised for this purpose may be seen hovering over a Javanese city.

The mouth of a wise man is in his heart, the heart of a fool is in his mouth, because what he knoweth or thinketh he uttereth.

Who enlarges his heart restricts his tongue.

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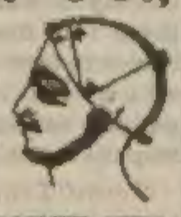

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Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
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They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

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This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also **Dollard's Regenerative Cream**, to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

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MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER,
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov. 29, '88. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

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I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
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Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

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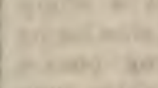

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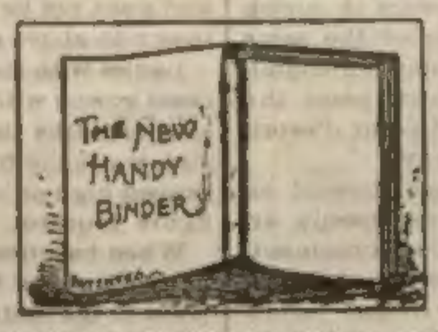

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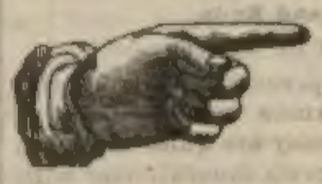

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This Can Be Done by Means of the

INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE to the PIANO or ORGAN.

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY, correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, a half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it looks, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

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Latest Fashion Phases.

For woollen dresses the material is French serge with striped, brocbe, tinsel, or silk border, woven with the fabric or embroidered upon it. For draped skirts this beautiful material stands almost alone.

It is sold by the yard or by the robe, the fancy material having the wide border up one selvedge, and sometimes a narrower one for trimmings up the other, the rest of the toilette being plain French serge to match. Both plain and fancy are double width. Good woollens are rarely made now in single width.

Pekins, with wide stripes, are in great demand, and in many examples the stripes are ornamented with a delicate floral pattern worked up in metal embroidery.

The famous birondelle pekin—wide black and white stripes, so fashionable some years ago—is made up into a variety of toilettes, but especially as Directoire redingotes.

One model has a pleated back and long redingote sides mounted with fulness into the corsage. Down the front falls a large jabot of black lace. Directoire revers, parements, and collar, are of black velvet.

An evening toilette of pekin has apple-green and white stripes, the white portions being figured with lovely flower garlands.

The dress is cut like a redingote, in front being a tablier of water-green crepe de Chine embroidered with flowers to match those on the pekin, a border of the same embellishing the edge, crossing horizontally a broad white ribbon which hems the crepe de Chine. Tabliers of point d'esprit tulle are used in the same way.

Young ladies wear the hair dressed on the top of the head, softly and fleecily arranged, and totally without ornament. The coiffure is very little decorated now-a-days, unless it be with the Grecian bandelets placed en diademe on the top of the head, the ends disappearing beneath the knot of hair at the back, and upholding an ornament on the top of the head.

Ball skirts are also made quite plain, the front of richly painted satin, or made of brocade, the flowers of which are worked up in metal, or large plates of colored glass.

Young ladies with an artistic bent can double the beauty and quadruple the value of a plain satin skirt by either of these means, enriching the dress by a long train of plain satin.

Panels, plastrons, are painted in the same way, with birds, butterflies, and flowers. Bunches of wall-flower look exquisite on rust colored satin. Field flowers and bunches of hawthorn knotted with a blue ribbon, are very effective on pink, cream, or white.

Those who cannot paint have to pay a high price for these lovely articles, for it is needless to say they must be well executed. Bad paintings are far worse than none.

Wide ribbon sashes for young girls are painted in the same way. On the long ends spread rich sprays of flowers in all variety, according to the color of the ribbon and the age of the wearer, to obtain match or contrast.

There is nothing more arbitrary than the names given to colors. We have exhausted sentimental names like faded rose, crushed strawberry, dying leaf, etc., so we come to material names with a vengeance.

That beautiful greenish-fawn color so admired last year was called crottin, and now that delicious shade of pink, so delicate and soft, which has replaced the crude deep pink ladies will no longer wear, which is deeper than "flesh," but paler than "salmon," is called veal. It may and does ably describe the shade, but could not the fruits and flowers have afforded us a better comparison?

Black silk fish net with meshes large enough to put the tip of a finger through are made up over moire skirts and waists. The foot of the skirt has a six-inch hem, above which are ten rows of very narrow satin ribbon through the meshes. The full back breadths are straight, and have a wide moire sash hanging to the foot, while the front and sides are given the effect of a Spanish flounce by ten other rows of ribbon curving across them and confining them just above the knees.

House waists of silk or wool to wear with various skirts are now worn at any hour of the day. They are also made in most varied materials, the newest being of figured silks, quaint, small-patterned brocades of old-rose or blue with lace frills, or else simpler red or turquoise India silks with white or black figures or stripes.

The changeable silks and surahs also make pretty belted waists with full sleeves, shirred or tucked fronts and backs, and sometimes with a plain yoke to which the fulness of the bodice is attached with a narrow upright ruffle and slight shirring.

The excellent pongee silks also make useful belted waists for the house or for travelling gowns, with the tucks of the yoke and sleeves slightly feather-stitched with brown, red, or blue. A good plan with these is to make the back tight-fitting, with tucks down the middle over a light lining, and have the fronts loose, confined only by a belt which comes from the under-arm seams.

White veiling and the silk-striped flannels are prettily made up with blouse fronts and fitted tucked back, worn with a ribbon belt knotted in front over the full blouse.

Wash dresses for girls just in their teens are made with belted yoke waists and full sleeves, fine tucks forming the yoke and the tops of sleeves, or else shaping the wrists. The skirts are of four straight breadths simply hemmed.

The furnishing houses make elaborate lapped Empire waists and Directoire revers to plain gingham gowns and trim them with costly embroideries, but mothers who have their girls' dresses made at home need not attempt to copy them, as the simpler gowns are quite as pretty and far more youthful.

The skirts must not be skimped in width and need not be trimmed, though tucks or insertion above a hem are in great favor.

Ladies with stout figures wear the princess gowns with long straight back and side breadths that add nothing to their size, while the front of the skirt may be draped high or low, much or little, as the figure requires.

When basques are preferred they must have no pleats in the back, but a sharp point in the middle forms, with side forms extended below, or else oblong pocket flaps are across the end; the skirt may then be laid in straight pleats, except just in front, where a deep Spanish flounce crosses the foot. If the hips are very large, the skirt should be draped slightly just below, or else back of the hips, to give more even straight effect.

The Marie Antoinette fichu grows in favor as a draping for the bodices of house dresses, and is made of silk muslin, of mull, net, lace or crape. The models copied literally from the kerchief worn by the unhappy French Queen are made to lap on the bust and tie behind with hanging ends.

There are other patterns that are high across the shoulders and are tied low in front, with short or long trimmed points hanging below the waist. White mull fichus doubled over the shoulders have a frill of Empire lace on the edges.

Odds and Ends.

A BUDGET OF RECIPES.

Gooseberries (to preserve.)—Gather the yellow and white kinds when they have turned, but before they are quite ripe; top and tail them, and prick them all over with a large needle. Take equal weights of finely pounded sugar and gooseberries, as the latter are pricked strew sugar over them. To each pound of fruit allow half a pint of clear white currant juice, put sugar, fruit and juice into a preserving pan and place over a clear fire, shaking it until the sugar is dissolved, and keeping the fruit away from the sides of the pan. Skim it carefully as it boils, and let it boil very gently for twenty-five minutes, then pour into pots. The red gooseberries may be treated in the same way, allowing five minutes less in the boiling.

Gooseberries (to dry.)—To 10lb. of fruit put 2lb. of powdered loaf sugar, place in a stewpan over a slow fire, and watch them carefully till the syrup begins to burst; then take them off the fire. Treat them in this way three times, then remove the gooseberries from the syrup, and place on sieves to dry, putting them in the sun or before a hot fire. If liked candied, dip in powdered sugar as they are taken from the syrup, and then dry; pack in air-tight tin boxes.

Green Gooseberry Wine.—Take any number of quarts of unripe green gooseberries, bruise them thoroughly, and add an equal number of quarts of cold water; let them stand a day and night, stirring occasionally; then drain through a sieve. To each gallon of liquor put 3¼lb. of loaf sugar, the best; put into a cask, with a bottle of the best gin to every five gallons; let it stand six months before bottling.

Gooseberry Paste.—Use this for the rough red gooseberries, top and tail them, and strew them in a jar tied over with a bladder, and placed in a pot of boiling water. When the fruit is quite soft, pour off the juice that will have exuded, and mash the gooseberries through a fine sieve. Allow an equal weight of pounded sugar to that of the pulp, mix well, and boil gently until it will jelly, keeping it stirred and skimmed. The boiling will take nearly two hours. Serve it cold with cream. The juice that was poured off may be boiled with an equal proportion of sugar for clear jelly.

Gooseberry Sauce.—Boil one pint of green gooseberries till tender; rub through a sieve, after the water has been drained off, and to half a pint of pulp put a wineglassful of sorrel or spinach juice, ½oz. of butter, a pinch of sugar, nutmeg, pepper, and salt. Serve hot.

Gooseberry Pudding.—Soak thin dry biscuits in hot water till perfectly soft; put a layer in a square mold, and pour over it a little fresh cream and a sprinkling of sugar; then a thick layer of stewed gooseberries, well sweetened, and a pinch of mixed pudding spice or any flavoring best liked. Proceed in this way till the dish is full. Serve cold with sugar and cream. It is very delicious if the flavoring is judiciously used.

Gooseberry Tart.—Put green gooseberries in a soup plate or deep tart plate, piling them high in the centre, and putting in sugar and cinnamon; cover with a good crust, and bake for an hour. When cold, raise the crust carefully round the edge of the plate and lift bodily off; reverse it on another deep plate, and turn the fruit on to this reversed crust, mix more sugar with it, spread it in a layer, and cover with clotted cream taken fresh and yellow from the pan. Rhubarb may be treated in the same way, and is then palatable to most people.

Rhubarb Wine.—To 10lb. of rhubarb put eight quarts of water, and let it stand twelve days (the rhubarb must be cut in small pieces); stir it once a day for the first four days. After this, take all scum from the top, drain off the liquor, and boil it with 3lb. of loaf sugar and 2oz. of bruised ginger for half an hour. When cold, bottle, but cork loosely till fermentation has ceased.

Boiled Lettuce.—It is not often that lettuce is used in this way; but it makes a delicious vegetable when carefully boiled like young cabbage, in salted water, and served with melted butter.

Stewed Lettuce.—Wash the lettuces thoroughly in water and salt, drain and chop them very fine, put a pinch of chopped eschalot to each lettuce. Place in a saucepan with a bit of butter (1oz. for three lettuces) pepper, salt and a tablespoonful of cream. Stir till it boil, and serve hot.

Stewed Lettuce with Mint and Peas.—Clean four lettuces very thoroughly, and take the hearts, cut them into small pieces and put them into a stewpan with three pints of very young green peas and a tablespoonful of chopped green mint. Rub a piece of butter the size of a hen's egg in flour, mix it well with the vegetables (taking care not to bruise the peas), put pepper and salt, a slice of lean ham, and a whole onion; to this add half a gill of hard water and stew the whole till tender, shaking constantly to prevent burning. When the vegetables are cooked, take out the ham and onion, and put in another piece of butter half the size of the former (this also to be rolled in flour), and half a pint of cream; add a tablespoonful of pounded sugar, and boil all together for five minutes before serving.

Parsley Cookery.—Parsley is so seldom cooked as a dish in itself, that we rarely find recipes for it in cookery books. The following are, however, a few ways in which it may be sent to table:

Parsley Fritters (Brown).—Take 6oz. of stale crust of bread, soak it in boiling water till perfectly soft, then mash fine with a fork till perfectly smooth and free from water. Have 1oz. of finely chopped parsley, a tablespoonful of minced eschalot, pepper and salt to taste, and four well-beaten eggs. Mix all this with the bread, form into small fritters, and fry in boiling fat. Serve with brown sauce.

Fried Parsley.—Wash and pick the stalks from two large handfuls of parsley, chop it up roughly with half a dozen large spinach leaves and a small onion. Set it in a stewpan with pepper and salt, and 1oz. of butter; cover closely, and stew in its own juice till cooked. Have some slices of bread fried and drained from the fat; lay them on a hot dish, and cover with the fried parsley; place a poached egg on the top of each slice, and garnish with toasted bacon or ham.

Confidential Correspondents.

S. T. D.—A child born of German parents in the United States is an American. An Irish-American is one born in Ireland and naturalized in the United States.

WASHINGTON.—"Begging the question" is: Assuming a proposition which, in reality, involves the conclusion. Thus to say that parallel lines will never meet because they are parallel is simply to assume as a fact the very thing you profess to prove.

PAMPAS.—Surely it would be possible to get an introduction to the gentleman in question through one with whom you are both acquainted. If the entertainments you mention are dances, there are generally plenty of opportunities, especially as you say the gentleman wishes to make your acquaintance too.

CLITO.—Capriciousness and waywardness of the kind are not at all uncommon in young girls, and are well described in the lines, "She will and she will not—she grants, denies, consents, retracts, advances, and then flies;" you must endeavor to check such ebullitions either by a personal appeal to her good sense when opportunity offers or by leaving her to the solitary enjoyment of her fantastic moods; the latter treatment is more likely to prove successful.

DUBIO.—Whether or not it is proper for a gentleman to shake hands with a lady on being introduced to her depends on circumstances. In all cases the initiative must be taken by the lady. If he is introduced at one time to a number of ladies, it is very seldom that the latter will proffer their hands to be shaken. If he is introduced to one lady in a small room, she will frequently do so. The decision as to shaking hands is always left to the lady, and that fact, if always kept in mind, will free your soul from anxiety on that subject.

WANDERER.—Young persons at your age are rather inclined to vagueness of thought. Reveries are not always profitless, but in your case the indefinite wanderings of the mind are harmful, and we should very strongly advise you to study mathematics. If you read only one book of Euclid, you will certainly be obliged to fix your attention steadily, and the mental habit thus induced will prove most valuable. You should force yourself to commit passages of poetry to memory, for the recurring rhymes aid the mind, and to repeat a poem is very much like following up a train of original thought, so far as the disciplinary effect is concerned.

PHONO.—The reason that the heat from the sun can be felt through a pane of glass without the glass becoming perceptibly hotter is accounted for by the peculiar property which glass possesses of transmitting almost the whole of the luminous heat rays radiating from the sun, absorbing in itself but a very small amount during the passage. At the same time a screen of glass forms a considerable barrier to the passage of any other than this luminous heat. The effect of a glass screen before a fire intercepts the heat to a great extent. This property of the transmission and interception of heat rays is shown in the case of a greenhouse, where the luminous heat rays, by coming into contact with various objects, are changed into obscure rays, which cannot escape.

RED.—There is no doubt that long hours of standing, such as many young men and women in shops, and especially the class you belong to—viz., teachers in elementary schools—endure, are responsible for many cases of spinal weakness, and some of actual disease. We have repeatedly received complaints of the kind from correspondents, the sufferings of some, especially females, being severe. We cannot tell you whether you can legally demand sitting accommodation, but undoubtedly you should be allowed it. If you do not get rest when those tired, dragging feelings in the back come on, they will get worse, till you will have to abandon your occupation. Elementary teachers, and also shop assistants, ought to combine and bring their views before their superiors in the form of a united request for better accommodation of the kind.

AMATEUR.—The following is the plot of Bulwer's comedy of "Money."—Alfred Evelyn is Sir John Vesey's poor cousin and unpaid secretary. He loves Clara Douglas, the poor companion of Lady Franklin; a good and charitable girl, who refuses him because both are poor. The death of a relative, who "makes him his heir because he has never fawned on him," gives Evelyn a fortune, and he is much sought after. His sudden wealth does not spoil him, and almost his first act is secretly to settle a fortune upon Clara. Thinking her indifferent to him, he addresses Georgina, Sir John's daughter, who accepts him for his money, though she really loves Frederick Blount, a fashionable coxcomb. Evelyn learns this and resolves to test her. He gambles, borrows money from Blount, and appears to be overpowered with debt. Clara, who loves him, comes secretly to his relief, placing half her fortune to his credit, but Georgina jilts him, and accepts Blount. Evelyn renews his addresses to Clara, who accepts him, believing him to be poor, but he undeceives her. Lady Franklin marries his friend, the disconsolate Graves, and all ends happily with "plenty of money!"

W. C. W.—The receipe was published in THE POST, but you will find the following for rose pot-pourri just as good, and simpler in its directions. The rose leaves must be gathered every morning and put in a basket, until a half-peck have been collected. Then put a handful of salt on the bottom, then three handfuls of leaves and so on alternately to the top. The last layer should be salt. Let this remain for five days, shaking and turning from top to bottom twice a day. Then add three ounces of bruised allspice and one of bruised stick cinnamon, now put it in the jar in which it belongs. This forms the stock and makes a pleasant perfume without anything more. But it is improved by adding after a week's time, in layers sprinkled between, one ounce of pounded cloves, one of cinnamon, two nutmegs, a little mace, some sliced ginger root, one ounce of aniseed, three ounces of powdered orris root, three ounces of freshly dried lavender flowers and one ounce of essential oils, which should be made up of several of the sweet scented ones. If you cannot obtain the oils, use instead any sweet scented dried flowers and a little cologne or essence you may have. The stock prepared as at first, may be added each season. When you wish to perfume the room take off the lid and shake the jar. 2. You may get the stoppers out of the dusters by soaking the tops in oil—let them stand in it a day or two—and then gently loosen. If not successful at first, try it again. Should the stoppers still remain fast—which they are not likely to do—very carefully heat the glass by turning it in a flame. This by expanding may release the stopper.